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TOWN HALL—DEDICATED SEPTEMBER 2, 1902

NEEDHAM'S
BICENTENNIAL
CELEBRATION

A RECORD OF THE EXERCISES AND A
MEMORIAL OF THE CELEBRATION AT NEEDHAM
MASSACHUSETTS ON THE TWO HUNDREDTH
ANNIVERSARY OF ITS INCORPORATION

Published by the Celebration Committee
Compiled by Thomas Sutton

Printed at Needham by
George W. and Winthrop M. Southworth
1913

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WILLIAM G. MOSELEY, Chairman

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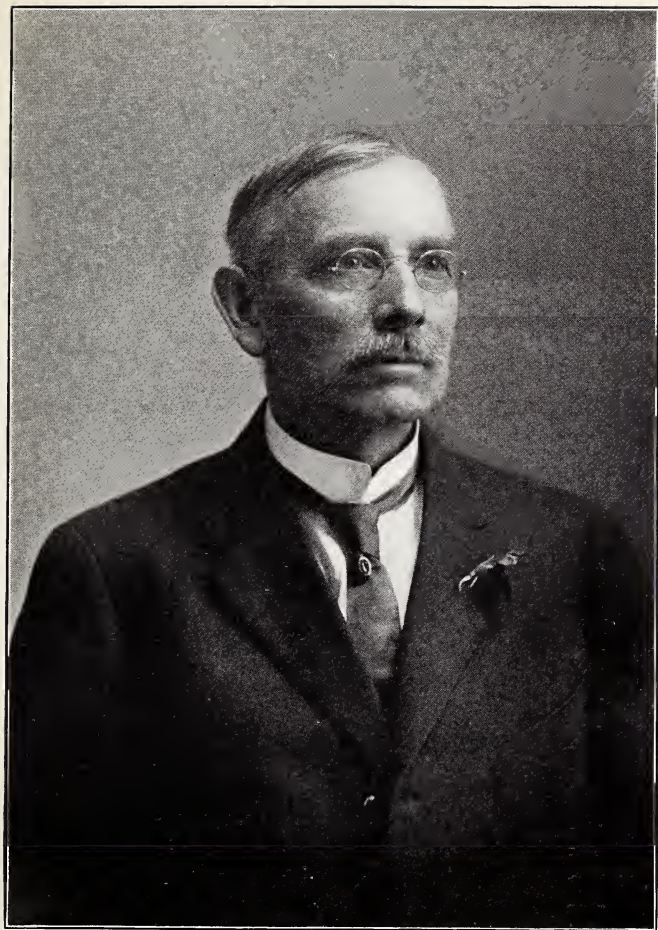
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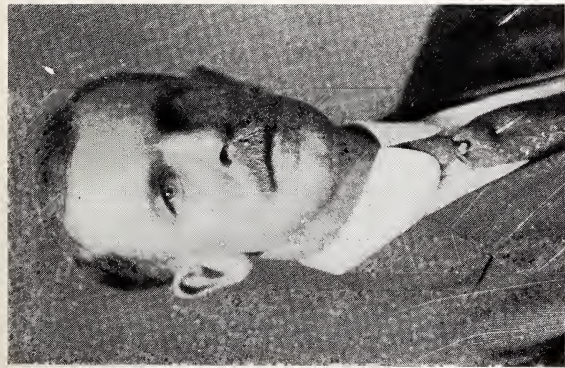
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THOMAS SUTTON, Secretary

ILLUSTRATIONS

Town Hall (Frontispiece)
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Secretary of General Committee
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Needham Railroad Station
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Meeting House and Minister of 1811
First Parish Church
First Baptist Church
Evangelical Congregational Church
Methodist Episcopal Church
Christ Church
St. Joseph's Church
Town Hall (Decorated)
Dr. Faunce, Charles Francis Adams, George K. Clarke, Mrs.
J. G. A. Carter
New Century Club Committee
High School Building
Public Library Building
Official Medals
New Dedham Avenue Bridge
New Avery School Building
Needham Heights Square
Stand Pipe and Pumping Station
Needham Heights Business Section (2)
Soldiers' Monument
Needham Business Section
The Governor, The Lieutenant - Governor, Congressman
Weeks, The Secretary of State



HENRY T. CHILDS



JOHN A. TILTON



WILLIAM A. PROBERT

THE BOARD OF SELECTMEN AS APPOINTED ON THE GENERAL COMMITTEE IN 1910

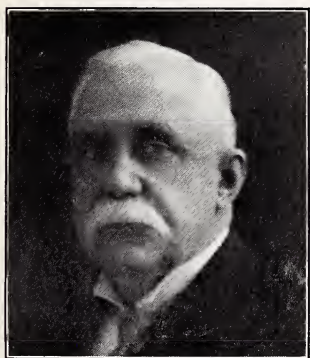
FIRST STEPS



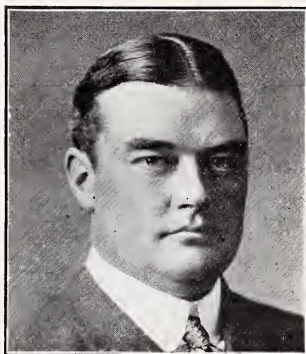
EDGAR H. BOWERS



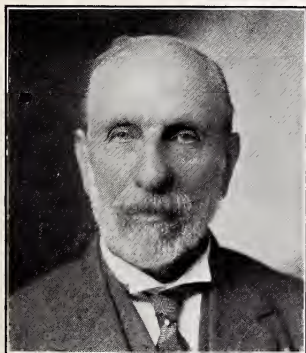
GEORGE W. SOUTHWORTH



HON. EMERY GROVER



AUSTIN POTTER



WILLIAM CARTER



HOWARD A. CROSSMAN

FIRST STEPS

The question of celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town in a fitting manner had been in the minds of the citizens for some months, but the first action taken by the town was at the annual meeting in March, nineteen hundred and ten, when it was voted that the moderator (William G. Moseley) and the present board of selectmen (John A. Tilton, William A. Probert and Henry T. Childs) together with twenty-one citizens to be appointed by the moderator, serve as a committee to take into consideration the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town, said committee to report thereon with recommendations at the next town meeting.

The moderator appointed Emery Grover, Thomas Sutton, William Carter, T. Otis Fuller, Joseph B. Thorpe, Charles E. Stanwood, John F. Mills, Edgar H. Bowers, William Gorse, George K. Clarke, James H. Whetton, William Mitchell, Howard A. Crossman, Charles H. Crowley, Frank W. Scotton, William E. Hurd, George H. Walker, James Mackintosh, George W. Southworth, Alger E. Eaton, Henry D. Blackman.

At the first meeting of the committee William G. Moseley was chosen chairman and Thomas Sutton, secretary.

The chairman appointed the following sub-committees to take charge of different features of the celebration, viz.:

ORATION—Emery Grover, John F. Mills, Thomas Sutton.

GUESTS—Edgar H. Bowers, William Gorse, George H. Walker.

DECORATIONS—Howard A. Crossman, Alger E. Eaton, *James Mackintosh.

BANQUET AND BALL—William A. Probert, James H. Whetton, Henry D. Blackman.

PRINTING AND PROGRAM—George W. Southworth, †Charles H. Crowley, George H. Walker, James F. Ryan.

HISTORICAL COLLECTION—T. Otis Fuller, George K. Clarke, Thomas Sutton.

RECEPTION—John A. Tilton, William Carter, William E. Hurd.

ATHLETICS—*Charles E. Stanwood, Joseph B. Thorpe, William Mitchell, Frank W. Gorse.

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT—Henry T. Childs, William Mitchell, Frank W. Scotton.

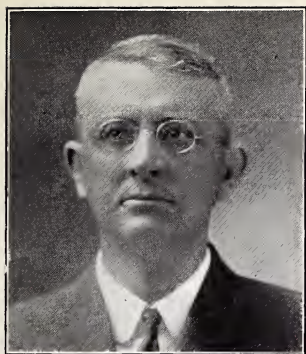
CIVIC AND MUNICIPAL PARADE—James F. Ryan, Austin Potter, Henry D. Blackman.

James F. Ryan, Frank W. Gorse, Austin Potter were chosen to fill vacancies.

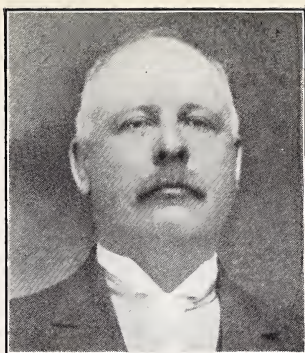
On the twelfth day of January nineteen hundred and eleven, the committee made a report of progress and recommended an appropriation of three thousand dollars to defray the expenses of the proposed celebration, but at the annual meeting in March, the sum of two thousand dollars was deemed sufficient by the town and so voted.

* Resigned

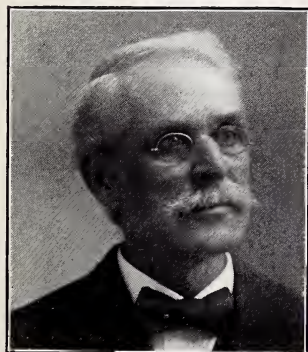
† Deceased



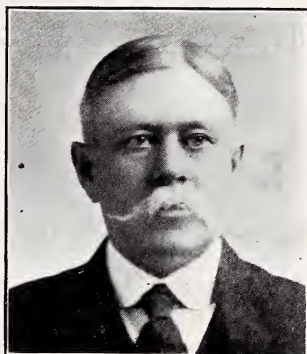
ALGER E. EATON



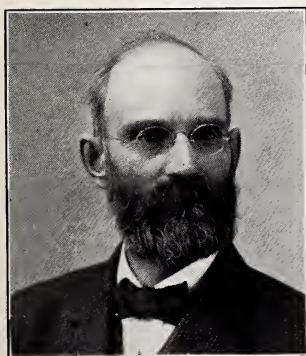
CHARLES H. CROWLEY



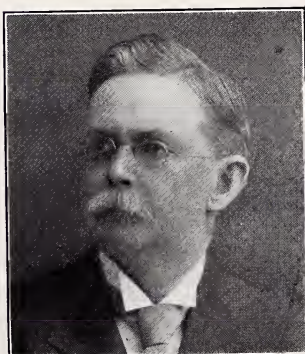
JOHN F. MILLS



GEORGE H. WALKER



EDMUND G. POND



GEORGE K. CLARKE

The general committee held eighteen meetings before all arrangements were made to successfully carry on our celebration. A summary of votes passed is as follows:

Voted:—That the celebration be held on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth days of September.

That five hundred dollars be appropriated for decorating town buildings.

That two hundred and twenty-five dollars be appropriated for athletics.

That the school children be given an entertainment in the town hall, and that each pupil in our public schools be given a medal commemorating the occasion.

That the Needham Military Band be engaged to furnish music.

That the Board of Trade be invited to assume the responsibility of the trade procession.

That the civic and municipal committee act in conjunction with the committee appointed by the Board of Trade in making arrangements for a municipal and trade parade.

That a conveyance be furnished to Galen Orr Post No. 181, G. A. R., for the veterans.

That fifty dollars be appropriated to help the firemen entertain their guests.

That each of the several churches in town be invited to observe the celebration in an appropriate manner in the forenoon of Sunday, September the seventeenth.

That arrangements be made for a civic oration in the town hall on Sunday evening.

That John F. Mills and William H. Carter be a committee to mark places of historic interest in town.

That Mrs. J. G. A. Carter be invited to write an anniversary poem.

That George K. Clarke Esq. be invited to give an historical address.

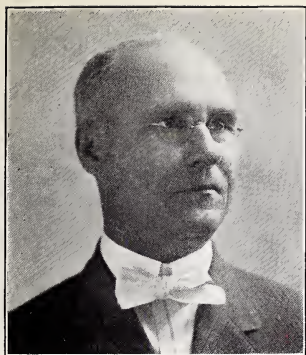
That an invitation be extended to Charles Francis Adams to deliver an address.

That a loan art exhibition and collection of antiques be held in the hall of the High School Building.

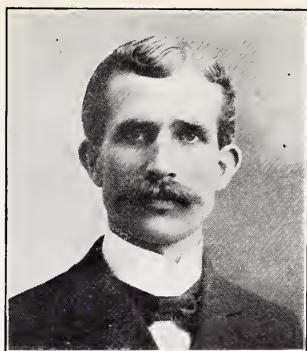
That a banquet be held on Tuesday afternoon, September the nineteenth, followed by speaking by invited guests and grand march and ball in the evening.

That the following persons be invited as guests of the town:

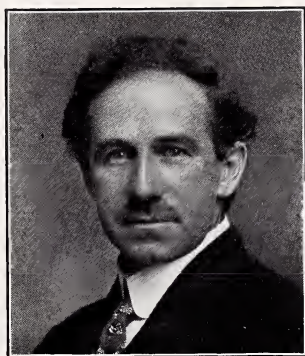
His Excellency William H. Taft	
	President of the United States
Hon. George von L. Meyer	Secretary of the Navy
Hon. Edwin U. Curtis	Collector of Port of Boston
Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge	U. S. Senator
Hon. W. Murray Crane	U. S. Senator
Hon. John W. Weeks	Member of Congress
His Excellence Eugene N. Foss	
	Governor of Massachusetts
His Honor Louis A. Frothingham	
	Lieutenant-Governor
Hon. Albert P. Langtry	Secretary of State
Hon. J. Stearns Cushing	Councillor
Gen. Gardner W. Pearson	Adjutant General
Hon. Allen T. Treadway	
	President of Massachusetts Senate
Hon. Joseph Walker	Speaker of House
Hon. Charles H. Pearson	Senator First Norfolk
Rev. Edward L. Horton	
	Chaplain of Massachusetts Senate
Hon. Edgar J. Sherman	Justice of Superior Court
Mr. Horatio Hathaway	
	Representative to General Court
Hon. James H. Flint	Judge of Probate
Hon. John F. Merrill	County Commissioner
Hon. Silas Stone	County Commissioner
Hon. Evan F. Richardson	County Commissioner



FRANK W. GORSE



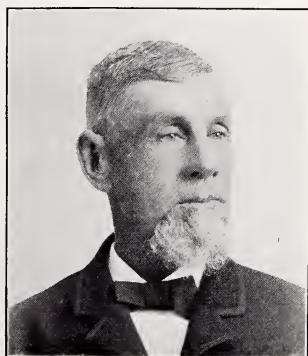
FRANK W. SCOTTON



JAMES F. RYAN



HENRY D. BLACKMAN



WILLIAM E. HURD



Mr. Samuel H. Capen	Sheriff of Norfolk County
Mr. Henry D. Humphrey	Treasurer of Norfolk County
Hon. Alfred F. Barker	District Attorney
Frederick G. Katzmman, Esq.	Assistant District Attorney
Hon. James M. Swift	Attorney General
Hon. Charles E. Hatfield	Mayor of Newton
Hon. John F. Fitzgerald	Mayor of Boston
President Charles W. Eliot	Harvard University
Hon. John D. Long	Hingham, Mass.
Hon. Herbert Parker	Lancaster, Mass.
Hon. Frederick D. Ely	Dedham, Mass.
Hon. Byron B. Johnson	Waltham, Mass.
Mr. Frederick H. Newell	Washington, D. C.
Rev. George Whitaker	Somerville, Mass.
Rev. N. Tillinghast Whitaker	Lowell, Mass.
Professor Channing Whitaker	Tyngsboro, Mass.
Rev. Charles E. Sawtelle	Needham, Mass.
Rev. John D. Waldron	Needham, Mass.
Rev. Newton Black	Needham Heights
Rev. T. J. Danahy	Newton Upper Falls
Rev. Edward Marsh	Needham Heights
Rev. J. Adams Puffer	Needham, Mass.
Mr. Don Gleason Hill	Town Clerk, Dedham, Mass.
Mr. Fred H. Kingsbury	Town Clerk, Wellesley, Mass.
Mr. John H. Faulk	Town Clerk, Dover, Mass.
Mr. Lester Newcomb	Chairman Selectmen, Dedham, Mass.
Mr. Thomas D. Coleman	Chairman Selectmen, Wellesley, Mass.
Mr. James A. Chickering	Chairman Selectmen, Dover, Mass.
Rev. John F. Gleason	Amherst, Mass.
Rev. Robert L. Webb	Haverhill, Mass.
Rev. Frederick Pember	West Roxbury, Mass.
Mr. George N. Smith	Wellesley, Mass.

LIST OF PERSONS ACCEPTING INVITATION

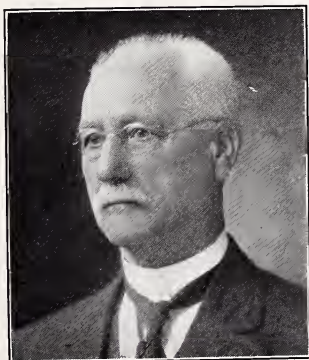
His Excellency Eugene N. Foss	Governor
His Honor Louis A. Frothingham	Lieut. Governor
Hon. John W. Weeks	Representative in Congress
Hon. Albert P. Langtry	Secretary of State
Hon. James M. Swift	Attorney General
Hon. J. Stearns Cushing	Councillor
Hon. Charles H. Pearson	Senator
Hon. Joseph Walker	Speaker of House
Hon. Charles E. Hatfield	Mayor of Newton
Hon. Byron B. Johnson	Ex-Mayor of Waltham
Hon. Frederick D. Ely	Judge Superior Court
Hon. James H. Flint	Judge of Probate Court
Hon. John F. Merrill	County Commissioner
Hon. Silas A. Stone	County Commissioner
Hon. Evan F. Richardson	County Commissioner
Mr. Horatio Hathaway, Jr.	
	Representative to General Court
Rev. George Whitaker	Somerville, Mass.
Rev. N. T. Whitaker	Lowell, Mass.
Prof. Channing Whitaker	Tyngsboro, Mass.
Mr. John H. Burdakin	
	Register of Deeds Norfolk County
Mr. Samuel H. Capen	Sheriff Norfolk County
Mr. Henry D. Humphrey	Treasurer Norfolk Co.
Rev. Edward A. Horton	
	Chaplain Massachusetts Senate
Rev. Robert L. Webb	Haverhill, Mass.
Rev. John F. Gleason	South Amherst, Mass.
Mr. Thomas D. Coleman	
	Selectman, Wellesley, Mass.
Mr. George N. Smith	Selectman, Wellesley, Mass.
Mr. Fred H. Kingsbury	
	Town Clerk, Wellesley, Mass.
Mr. John H. Faulk	Town Clerk, Dover, Mass.
Rev. Charles E. Sawtelle	Baptist Clergyman
Rev. Edward Marsh	Methodist Clergyman
Rev. J. Adams Puffer	Unitarian Clergyman



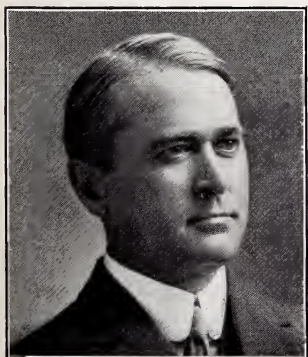
CHARLES E. STANWOOD



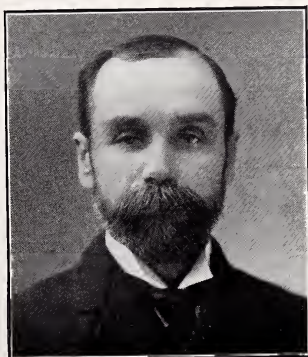
JAMES H. WHETTON



WILLIAM GORSE



WILLIAM MITCHELL



JOSEPH B. THORPE

Rev. Newton Black	Episcopal Clergyman
Rev. John de LaM. Waldron	Congregational Clergyman
Mr. J. C. Brimblecom	Editor Newton Graphic
Mr. John F. Ryan	Editor Wellesley Townsman

As the time of the celebration drew near, there was a general increase of interest among the citizens, who with commendable pride put their estates in order so that well kept lawns and handsomely decorated buildings were the order of the day. Business places and manufactories were also profusely draped with bunting and the national colors. The streets were cleaned, and in many places the sidewalks edged, so that the town presented a tidy and well kept appearance.

Under the direction of, and largely through the efforts of Mr. Edmund G. Pond, a beautiful Band Stand was erected on the Common, at a cost of nearly six hundred dollars. The Needham Board of Trade gave one hundred dollars; the balance was contributed by citizens interested in the object, who appreciated the public spirit of those who organized and developed the Needham Military Band.

The Town Hall was painted and the dome gilded, every public building in the town was draped with bunting, the decorations of the Town Hall being most artistic in design, photographs of which are filed with the archives of the town.

SOME INTERESTING LETTERS

1711



1911

The Town of Needham
requests the honor of the presence of

as its guest at the
Celebration of the Bicentennial Anniversary
of the incorporation of the Town on
Sunday, Monday and Tuesday
September 17, 18, 19, 1911 at
Needham, Massachusetts

presence at the banquet on Tuesday evening will be especially
appreciated, and it is hoped that he may find it possible to honor
the Town on the other days.

William G. Moseley, Chairman
Thomas Lutton, Secretary
of special committee
for celebration.

Henry T. Childs,
William A. Probert,
Austin Potter,
Selectmen of Needham.

THE OFFICIAL INVITATION

SOME INTERESTING LETTERS

The White House, Washington, May 26, 1911.

HONORABLE JOHN W. WEEKS,
House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Mr. Weeks:—

The President has requested me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of May 25th and to thank you cordially for your courtesy in asking him to attend the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of the town of Needham, Massachusetts, on September 18th. As he has tentative engagements in the West on the days you mention, he regrets exceedingly that it will not be possible to accept your most attractive invitation. It affords him much pleasure, however, to send his best wishes for a successful anniversary.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES D. HILLES,
Secretary to the President.

Washington, Sept. 17, 1911

The President

regrets his inability to accept

the courteous invitation of

The Town of Needham

to be present at the

Celebration of the Bicentennial Anniversary

of the incorporation of the Town

September 17, 18, and 19

1911

Buckfield, Oxford Co., Me., Aug. 30, 1911.

My dear Sir:—

I am in receipt of your kind invitation to the Bicentennial of Needham, it having been forwarded to me here where I am staying a few weeks. I am not likely to return to Massachusetts in time to attend at Needham, and I am therefore obliged to forego the pleasure of being with you at that time. I can only send my thanks for the courtesy extended me and my cordial good wishes for the occasion. Needham is one of our ancient towns, and its historical associations in the past and its present progressive spirit which has made it such a delightful town, well justify the honor you do it by this commemoration.

Very truly yours,

JOHN D. LONG.

Go Home Bay, Ontario, Canada, Sept. 3, 1911.

My Dear Mr. Sutton:—

To you and to your Committee I return appreciative and hearty thanks for the honor of the invitation from the town of Needham, to its notable celebration. I accept it with the earnest hope that nothing will arise to prevent my attendance, at the banquet certainly, and at other exercises if possible. I end my vacation here on September 8th, going to Boston at once.

The good name and leadership of New England were created by the town loyalty, town meetings, town schools, town character,—and Needham shares nobly in that lustrous history. Your anniversary commemoration will not only testify to gratitude and faithful remembrance on the part of the living present, but the occasion will direct attention to sources of civic worth and integrity, too often neglected in these strenuous times.

May propitious skies and favoring circumstances help fulfil your plans.

Sincerely yours,

EDWARD A. HORTON.

To MR. THOMAS SUTTON, Sec'y.

9 September 1911.

West Roxbury, Mass.

The Rev. Frederick Pember presents his compliments to the Chairman and Secretary of the Committee for the celebration of the bicentennial anniversary, and begs to thank them for their very kind invitation to be present. He deeply regrets that a prior engagement makes it impossible for him to accept it. He will be in the White Mountains, New Hampshire, which will deprive him of what would have been a great pleasure.

South Amherst, Mass.,

Sept. 8, '11.

MESSRS. WM. G. MOSELEY, THOMAS SUTTON, HENRY T.
CHILDS, ET AL.,

Dear Sirs:—

I appreciate the honor you have conferred on me in inviting me to the Banquet at the Bicentennial Celebration. Save a seat for me. I hope to be present.

Yours sincerely,

J. F. GLEASON.

Haverhill, Mass., Sept. 14, 1911.

My dear Bro. Sutton:—

I am in receipt of the invitation to the celebration of the Bicentennial Anniversary of the Town of Needham.

As you well know I have a warm place in my heart for the old town and for many of its good people.

My heart therefore says, go to this celebration and renew old acquaintances, and I shall obey this command.

I thank you for the invitation and anticipate much pleasure in attending the exercises. Will you kindly send me a program of the celebration.

Cordially yours,

ROBERT L. WEBB.

Needham, Mass., Sept. 4th, 1911.

MR. THOMAS SUTTON, Town Clerk of Needham, and Secretary of Special Committee.

Dear Sir:—

The invitation to be a guest of the Town of Needham at the celebration of the Bicentennial Anniversary of its incorporation is accepted with words of David Ps. 16:6 "The lines are fallen with me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." Born by the Lordly Hudson, son of the Empire State, since 1892 the Old Bay State has been my love, and the past of Old New England very precious.

Trusting to worthily honor the Town, I am yours in service to preserve the Commonwealth. God bless the Town of Needham.

Yours truly,

REV. JOHN DE LAMONTAIGNE WALDRON.

HON. WM. G. MOSELEY, Needham, Mass.

My dear Sir:—

I thank you and the citizens of Needham for the honor conveyed in the invitation to the Bicentennial Anniversary, and will do any work however humble to bestow the honor which is due to the men and women who have contributed to the civic life of our town.

Sincerely yours,

Sept. 10, 1911.

J. ADAMS PUFFER.

August 22, '11.

MR. THOS. SUTTON, Needham, Mass.

Dear Sir:—

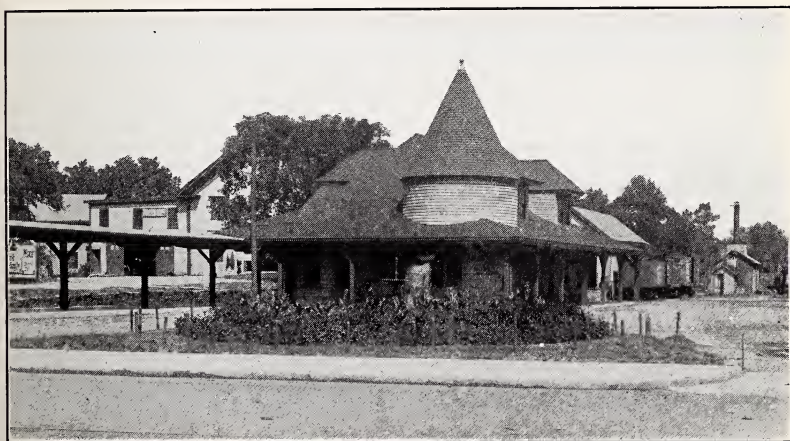
Please find inclosed my check for \$25.00 toward defraying the expenses of the bicentennial of the town of Needham. I shall be on hand to participate in the celebration along with six other former residents of the town. Wishing you every success, I am

Yours very truly,

JOHN SPICER.



BAND STAND ON NEEDHAM COMMON



NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILROAD STATION
AT NEEDHAM

FIRST EXERCISES

The FIRST CHURCH IN NEEDHAM

1711  1911

HISTORICAL
TABLET
UNVEILED

MONDAY, MARCH 20

At 7.30 o'clock

PROGRAM

Organ Voluntary

Mrs. Edith Lyman

Welcome

Rev. J. Adams Puffer

AN OLD - TIME SERVICE

Short Prayer

Anthem—"Before Jehovah's Awful Throne"

Reading of Scriptures

Rev. Newton Black

Hymns "Russia," "Complaint"

Rev. Edward Marsh

Long Prayer

Rev. J. D. Waldron

Hymns—"David's Lamentations," "Northfield"

Extracts from Jonathan Townsend's Sermons

Rev. William R. Lord

Anthem "Jerusalem My Glorious Home"

HISTORICAL SERVICE

Unveiling of Tablet	Frederick S. Kingsbury Emily Holland Kingsbury Alvin Gay Stevens
The Beginning of Our Church	George K. Clarke
Music of Ye Olden Time	John F. Mills
Extracts from Early Records	William W. Peck
Hymn "Old Hundred"	
Benediction	Rev. Edward Marsh



SOCIAL HOUR IN THE CHAPEL

EXERCISES AT THE FIRST PARISH

Anticipating somewhat the celebration in September, the First Parish church held a memorial service on March 20, to commemorate the beginning of public worship in Needham, the principal feature of which was the unveiling of an historical tablet in the presence of a large audience. The exercises were all of deep interest and closely followed. After an organ voluntary by Mrs. Edith Lyman, the pastor, Rev. J. Adams Puffer, extended a hearty welcome. Then followed an old time service participated in by Rev. E. Marsh of the M. E. Church, Rev. Newton Black of Christ Church, Rev. J. D. Waldron of the Evangelical Congregational Church, and Rev. Wm. R. Lord of Dover. Old time music was rendered by a choir seated in balcony at the rear of the church, Geo. E. Mitchell, leader, accompanied by stringed instruments.

The tablet, which is the design and handiwork of J. F. Holmes, is of mahogany, with gilt intaglio lettering. It is five by seven feet, surrounded with white bordering and surmounted with scroll-work of Colonial style of the same color, and received many compliments. It is placed on the wall at the right, facing the pulpit.

The inscription is as follows:

The First Church in Needham

Public Worship 1711

Church Embodied 1720—Parish Organized 1778

First Meeting House built 1712—Destroyed by fire
in 1773—Second House built 1774—Taken down and
Third House built and dedicated 1837—Moved to
present site 1879 and re-dedicated—Chapel built
and dedicated Oct. 1888

1720 Jonathan Townsend 1762

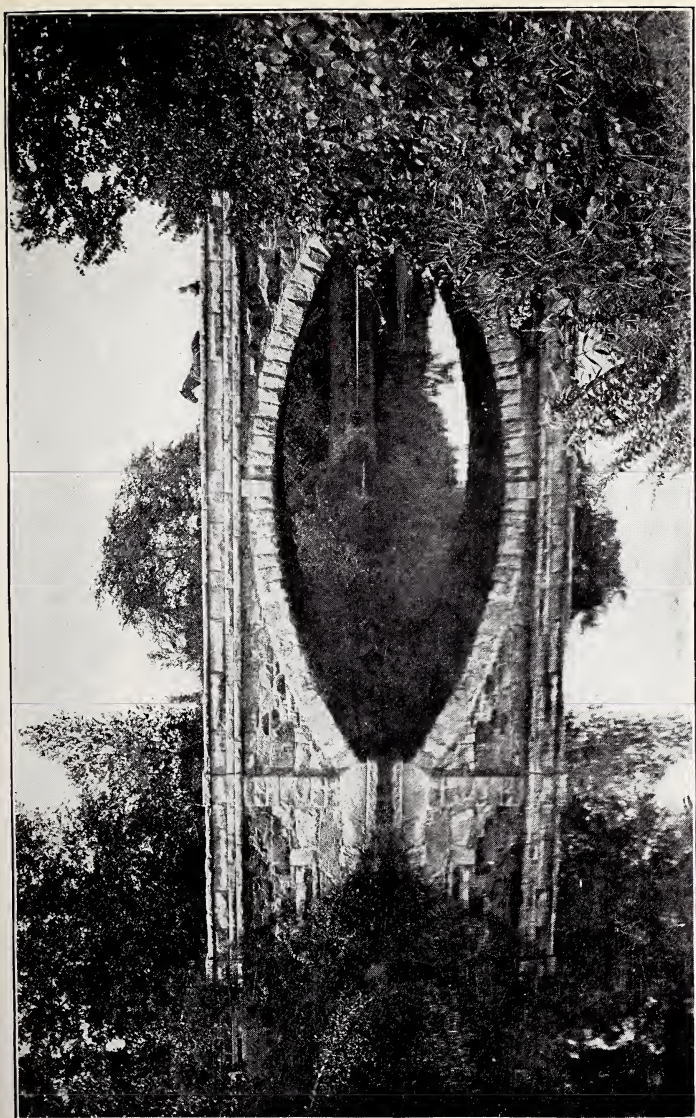
Samuel West	John S. Barry
1764—1788	1858—1860
Stephen Palmer	George B. Emerson
1792—1821	1860—1866
William Ritchie	Albert B. Vose
1821—1842	1870—1871
Lyman Maynard	Solon W. Bush
1842—1846	1871—1889
Charles H. A. Dall	Charles A. Allen
1847—1850	1889—1893
James F. Hicks	Philip S. Thacher
1852—1853	1894—1901
George G. Channing	William W. Peck
1853—1855	1901—1908
Andrew N. Adams	J. Adams Puffer
1855—1857	1908—

The little children who unveiled it were Emily Holland Kingsbury and Alvin Gay Stevens, descendants of the first families of the parish. Frederick S. Kingsbury, great great grandson of Rev. Stephen Palmer, and also having a family connection with Rev. Jonathan Townsend, the first minister, read the inscriptions.

The four boys who passed the programs, were also descendants of the early families, and were Harold McIntosh, Raymond Mills, Guy McIntosh and Laurence Eaton.

Papers of much interest were read by Geo. K. Clarke on "The Beginning of our Church" and by John F. Mills on "Music of ye Olden Tyme," while extracts from early records were read by Wm. W. Peck.

At the close of the formal program a social hour was enjoyed in the chapel where the Ladies' Aid Society served their guests with an abundant supply of light refreshments. Here were on exhibition relics of the olden time, portraits, books, music, manuscripts of sermons, etc., this feature receiving much attention from the visitors.



LYON'S BRIDGE

THE BICENTENNIAL CHRONICLE

THE BICENTENNIAL CHRONICLE

As the immediate fore-runner of the celebration, *The Needham Chronicle* issued on Saturday, September 16, a sixteen-page number known as the "Bicentennial Chronicle." Of this edition, three thousand seven hundred copies were printed and distributed through the Chronicle's regular channels. It contained articles which, taken together, made a good resume of the history of the town from its founding to the present; contributions from the older residents; half-tone views of the public buildings, picturesque spots, and principal business buildings; portraits of town officers and prominent citizens, and much matter of interest concerning the town in recent years. The edition was printed in Needham, and was handled entirely by Needham talent. Thirty reams of paper, weighing eighteen hundred pounds, were used in its production. Copies of this edition have been filed in the permanent archives of the town.

THE CELEBRATION

1208945

1711—1911

OFFICIAL PROGRAM *of the*
BICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION
of the TOWN OF NEEDHAM
MASSACHUSETTS



September 17, 18, and 19
Sunday, Monday and Tuesday

SUNDAY, SEPT. 17, 1911

Special services at all the churches
in keeping with the occasion

- 12.00 M. The First Parish Sunday School, accompanied by delegations from other schools will march to the cemetery and decorate graves of past ministers and Sunday School superintendents.
- 3.00 P. M. Band Concert at Needham Heights
- 4.00 P. M. Vespers at the First Parish Church. Greetings from Dedham First Parish (the mother church) and Wellesley Congregational, the Second Church in Needham. Double Quartet; Violin Solo, Mrs. F. C. Peabody; Contralto Solo, Miss Adah Gay Fuller.
- 7.30 P. M. Sacred Concert at Town Hall, by Needham Military Band followed by address by Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, President of Brown University. The Howland Class Male Quartet will sing.

MONDAY, SEPT. 18

- 9.00 A. M. One mile race.
- 9.30 A. M. Children's Entertainment in the Town Hall from 9.30 to 12.
- 10.00 A. M. Base Ball Match between Needham Y. M. C. A. and Swampscott A. C., on Greene's field.
- 1.30 P. M. The following list of sports will take place :
- 100 yard run. Trial heats.
 - 75 yard for boys under 14. Trial heats. Handicapped at start.
 - 100 yard finals.
 - 75 yard, boys under 14, finals.
 - Running high jump
 - Shot put; 12 lb shot.
 - Broad jump.
 - 220 yard trial heats.
 - Girls under 14, 75 yards. Handicapped at start.

220 yard finals
Sack race. Scratch.
440 yard run.
Potato race, 35 yard, scratch.
880 yard run.

7.30 P. M. Town Hall. Addresses by Hon. Charles Francis Adams and George K. Clarke Esq. Original poem by Mrs J. G. A. Carter, read by Roscoe A. Carter. Music by Needham Military Band, and Male Chorus under direction of Fred S. Birchard.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 19

9.00 A. M. Civic and Trades Parade will form in Needham Square at 9 with E. G. Pond as marshal, and proceed over the following route : Highland avenue to May street, to Webster street, to Highland avenue, to Alfreton road, to Conant street, to Hunnewell street, to Hillside avenue, to West street, to Highland avenue, to Great Plain avenue, to Warron street, to School street, to Chestnut street, to Oak street, to Maple street, to Great Plain avenue and disband at Needham Square.

4.00 P. M. Banquet in Town Hall. Congressman Weeks, Governor Foss, Mayor Fitzgerald, Rev. Edward L. Horton, Rev. George Whitaker, Mayor Charles E. Hatfield, Hon. B. B. Johnson and others have been invited and are expected to speak. Dress informal.

8.00 P. M. Town Hall. Exercises closing with ball. Grand March led by Henry T. Childs, Chairman of Selectmen.

Historic and Art Loan Exhibition

Sunday, Monday and Tuesday in High School Hall in charge of New Century Club.

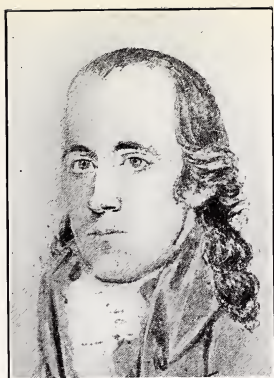
The First Parish Meeting House will be open to visitors during the three days of the Bicentennial. Reception to former members and old-time residents. On Monday and Tuesday from 3 to 5, tea will be served.

An exhibit of curios collected by Chas. H. Mitchell will be shown at the Pumping Station during the three days.



SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 17

EXERCISES IN OUR CHURCHES



REV. STEPHEN PALMER



THE SECOND MEETING HOUSE

MEETING HOUSE AND MINISTER OF 1811

OUR CHURCHES

One hundred years ago there was but one church (The First Parish) in the territory now comprising the town of Needham; and the only celebration of which we have any information, was a notable historical sermon by the pastor of that church, Rev. Stephen Palmer, which has been preserved and has recently been printed in full in the local paper, *The Needham Chronicle*.

There are now seven churches, all well housed and prosperous. The following pages contain an account of their contributions to this Bicentennial celebration. It is to be regretted that in several the addresses were not reported, but they were nevertheless full of enthusiasm and helpful in adding interest to the occasion.



FIRST PARISH CHURCH (Unitarian)

1711

1911

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN
NEEDHAM

(Unitarian)

Sunday September 17, 1911

REV. J. ADAMS PUFFER, Pastor

10.45 a. m. HISTORICAL CHURCH SERVICE — Extracts
from the Century Sermon of 1811

SERMON BY THE PASTOR

ANTHEM BY THE PARISH QUARTET

MISS MARY A. TISDALE	HERBERT N. MITCHELL
MISS FLORENCE E. EATON	JAMES E. TISDALE

SOPRANO SOLOS by Miss Tisdale

12.00 m. SUNDAY SCHOOL march to cemetery and decorate graves
of past ministers and Sunday School officers

4.00 p. m. VESPER SERVICES

ANTHEM BY DOUBLE QUARTET

CONTRALTO SOLO, Miss Adah G. Fuller

VIOLIN SOLOS, Mrs. F. C. Peabody

ADDRESS OF REV. WILLIAM H. WALKER

MINISTER FIRST CHURCH AND PARISH

DEDHAM (MOTHER TOWN)

“Friends, it is indeed a pleasure as minister of the parent First Parish Church of Dedham, to congratulate this daughter church upon her two hundredth birthday. It is a pleasure too, to hear that old text: ‘Stand in the ways and see and ask for the old paths.’

The tendency to belittle the past is altogether too prevalent. We are most of us given to commiserating the colonists. That the few score families who settled along the Charles never scratched a match, baked with gas, read by electric light, used a telephone, travelled by steam or electric power, telegraphed their hurried messages, or decimated distance with an automobile. That they lacked these conveniences usually arouses our pity. But has not life been well lived and can it not be even comfortably and happily lived without all our modern inventions? The natural sweetness of life was mainly soured then as it always has been and will be soured by misunderstandings, jealousies and illwill, and not by lack of steam, electric or gasoline power. If the quickness of transportation did not make homecoming so frequent, neither did it make leavetaking so inviting.

Both the temporary and the enduring satisfactions existed in colonial times. Such temporary satisfac-

tions as the exhilaration of sunshine after cloud and of cool bracing weather after a torrid week belonged to them as much as to any generation that ever came and went. The deeper satisfactions such as the joy of working, the success of one's efforts, a cellar filled for winter, fuel enough, and the restoration to health of those near to us—such satisfactions were theirs. The still deeper satisfactions like the sense of filling a place in the working world and the sense of filling a niche in someone's affection so that one feels neither useless nor unloved,—such satisfactions belonged as much to the earlier as to the present inhabitants of this river basin. That they should have called this plantation Contentment before naming it Dedham, is proof that they needed not that cheap commiseration a progressive present usually showers upon the past.

Another factor which hinders us in seeing the old ways and walking in the old paths is the forgetfulness of the world as we now know it. I dare to believe that there is nothing hid which shall not be finally manifested and that the minds of those gone before are keeping their memories. I believe, too, that our hidden helpers will be revealed and that the fog of obscurity and ignorance which envelops us here will be lifted that we may know as we are known by the All Known above. That is my faith, yet time has almost obliterated traces of seventeenth century life in this immediate locality. How meagre the records. They can be read in a few hours, and after much reading how little we glean of what was for those people the most interesting drama ever played. We are not an historically minded people. Even the prominent are soon forgotten. Our great grandfathers may be known to us through a recorded will or through an early census so that we know the number of their acres, slaves, cattle and horses, and the amount of taxes they paid.

It is hard to imagine very clearly the daily life, the ruling ideas, the principal interests of one who may have given us our disposition and our name and yet it is almost wholly obscured by the forgetful years.

If we know little of individuals in whom we are interested through lineage, we know more of the earlier generations as a whole. What were their characteristics? Ease, Independence, Seriousness and Neighborliness.

Ease is the mood of the old paintings. A composite picture of a hundred old paintings would show a restfulness not so often found today. It is not a stolidity resulting from indifference, ignorance and laziness. It is the peaceful temper of those who are not being pushed and driven and harried through life. There was ease not only in their faces but in their architecture. There was very very little of the strained, the fanciful and the trivial in their construction. Their houses looked easy, natural and dignified. They were not intent as many seem to be, upon innovation. The discipline of waiting until money was earned gave time to study plans. They built few houses that seemed like half thoughts or second thoughts.

The old manuscripts reveal less nervousness, less triviality; greater grace and greater ease in hand writing. They lived before life had been artificially speeded up to its present pace. Piece workers in our factories complain that strong-bodied, quick-minded, and nimble-fingered operators set a pace for the machinery and a standard for pay, that the less strong and skilful can only with over exertion maintain. The same thing has taken place in every line of work today. Life has been speeded up until ease of manner and serenity of mind are not the American characteristics.

Independence was also a trait of the older time. It was not the security our time has attained through

surgery, medicine, insurance and modern interest in health. The records as kept by the ministers of the parent church at Dedham show that contagion claimed many a life that modern medicine could save. Summer took a fearful toll of babies as precious then as now. We have reached some measure of security in these respects. But they, upon their farms and gardens were more secure in their work. No change of fashion or introduction of machinery or lapse of years made their work precarious. Frugal habits warded off disease. Saving was a security against want and a heritage for the generation following. They made this a prosperous locality.

Neighborliness filled a place in colonial times well nigh unimaginable today. Neighbors helped raise the frame of house or barn, built stone fences, exchanged work at harvests, held bees for the needy, reaped the crops when the farmer was ill, supplied the chairs at party, funeral or wedding, logged, quilted, and watched the sick. Men's interests were not divisive. Beyond the boundary stone wall was very likely a man doing precisely the same thing in the same season. It was a companionable life, a community of men who understood one another's cares and difficulties. We go far to associate with men of the same professions and problems. They had a companionship of similar workers in their neighbors.

The element of seriousness in the colonial mind is very easily overdrawn. We must not give too great weight to the testimony of the cavaliers that the Puritan mind had no lighter moods. The destructive testimony of another class or an opposing party is poor testimony, for one party or class can never understand another. That the Puritan was without humor is impossible. That there are few evidences of their lighter vein we all know. It is hardly to be expected that

public records or wills or deeds would be written in joking mood. Games and sports, wit and jest had currency then as now. It was a serious life the colonists faced. The maker of geegaws, puzzles, trinkets and silly useless wares has some excuse for a trivial view of life. It is a trivial business that he is in. One's business inevitably colors his philosophy and our religion. The man of illegitimate business creates for himself a lawless world and a lawless God. The usual seriousness of the forefathers was a resultant of the serious situation they faced, the transformation of a wilderness, the organization of a government, protection from Indians, the stamping out of contagions, the erection of school houses and meeting houses. New England seriousness has its fibre running directly into the tissue of stout hearts.

The family nowhere meant more than in these old Charles River towns. The emphasis was on the family almost as much as in patriarchal times. Families worked together and played together and worshipped together. And they were real families in size. The number of sons exhausted the names of favorite disciples and made a good start on the list of the prophets. There were not enough well known women's names in the Bible for the daughters. The old occupations were family occupations. The son had a better start when he grew up in the business of his father. Skill is not unknown when it is learned in the multiple industries of the colonial farm. The family occupation had a cementing tendency largely gone today when varied work leads us into various outside circles. Family games and family worship seem far distant in these days of the family hotel and the thousand amusements that take the hundreds of thousands out of their homes and attempt for them a recreation they cannot provide for themselves. The home and family bulk far

smaller in these latter days. A generation of mothers is needed wise enough, skilful enough and determined enough to bring the home back to its central place.

And finally, much as we like to view again the old ways and travel the old paths, they are gone and gone forever so far as this present existence is concerned. We would not bring them back, and yet in our absorption in the new we would not belittle the virtues of the elders. They had ease. Their busy lives were spent in ways of quietness and in paths of peace. Theirs was the security they themselves won through industry, frugality and thrift—a security like ours is only partial, for the salvation, the continuance and the consummation of all our lives rests with Him who alone is secure and eternal. They were neighborly then as befits those who have discovered that our origin, our hopes, our ills, our satisfactions and our destinies are one. They were serious because they had work to do and were in an earnest world. They lived the family life and glorified it. They made it mean so much for later generations that the older men and women among us say with deep regret, 'I am the last of my name.'

The older life is not wholly gone and it certainly is not without influence. There are many in this showy, nervous, speeded-up age leading the easy, contented, serious, neighborly family life which had God's favor two centuries ago and receives it today."

ADDRESS OF REV. WILLIAM W. SLEEPER

PASTOR OF THE WELLESLEY CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

“Members and Friends of The First Parish Church of Needham:

I am here this afternoon to bring you greetings from your daughter!

If the Town of Needham were celebrating its sesquicentennial, and the daughter church were present by a representative, that representative would have been introduced as coming, not from Wellesley, but from West Needham; and had it been the centennial instead of the bicentennial, then the representative would have hailed from the “West Parish” merely.

The citizens of Wellesley remember today the story of the origin of their beautiful and thriving town, and they are not ashamed to confess that their civic independence spans a period of only thirty years, while for almost one hundred years previously the mother-town sheltered under her protecting wings her children who chose their homes West of the Great Plain and North of the Highlands.

Many in this audience well remember the years when the Town Hall in the forest was the rallying spot for the clans who gathered from east and west, and strove together—in brotherly fashion—over matters of communal interest. Now each town has its stately

civic building, and the old wooden forum, after housing in luxury the meagre company of the elect poor of both towns for a number of years, now offers hospitality under another and more inviting form.

It is not my task to speak to you regarding town affairs. I come simply as the mouthpiece of the daughter church. And yet my story begins in a town meeting, which none of you—not even the oldest citizen of the older town—can possibly remember, since it took place in the year 1774. It was the conclusion of a series of stormy meetings that followed one another at frequent intervals for nine months. The all important question under debate was, where a new meeting-house should be located. Fancy such a question disturbing a modern town meeting! Our fathers made religion the principal thing, and they were consumed by zeal for the Lord's House. Let their sons and grandsons and great grandsons sit up and take notice!

In October of the previous year—1773—the old historic structure that had served the entire population of Needham as their only and sufficient house of worship, was burned to the ground. And already the families living toward the West were complaining bitterly because they had to travel so far to attend church. These heroic people of the olden days did not make the distance an excuse for staying away from public worship; but it seemed to them sufficient reason for making a vigorous effort to rebuild the edifice at the center of the town. Hence the repeated town meetings. But the eloquent voters of the West failed to convince the stalwart men of the East that they ought to pitch their tabernacle in the wilderness, remote from the settlements on either side, and we are very glad indeed that your church fathers stood manfully by the original location, and brought out a majority vote in

favor of rebuilding on the old site. And now I must go on and tell of something which occurred outside of town meeting, and which shows that the men of Needham were early risers, and that determined minorities were not easily discouraged when their heart was fixed.

It was a morning in August, 1774. The scene was the great social function of the olden time, called "a raising." The solid frame of the new meeting house had been hewn out and put together, and now it was to be raised and placed on the massive sills—tenon fitting mortise, and the whole jointed together very much as the Apostle Paul describes the Living Church in one of his epistles. To lift one of these huge structures was no easy work. The entire male population of the town was summoned. But the men of the East were suspicious of their western brethren—and with reason, I regret to say. So at half-past five o'clock in the morning, the men of Needham got at the work, quite in the spirit of Hezekiah's men as they raised the walls of Jerusalem. At nine o'clock an army of sturdy volunteers from the West appeared on the scene—too late to help—or to hinder! In the journal of the Rev. Samuel West where this incident is recorded, it is said,—'When they found the work in such forwardness, they were discouraged, and prudently withdrew, although with much resentment and many threats.'

And yet, *not* discouraged! For in June of that very year, an agreement had been drawn up stating that if the new meeting-house should be erected on the old site, the subscribers would contribute the sums opposite their names toward the building of a separate church, 'on or as near as conveniently may be to the center of the westwardly part' of the town.

As it proved impossible to prevent, by vote or by artifice, the rebuilding on the old location, the result

was the division of the Parish, and the two new meeting-houses instead of one. The good pastor protested, as he had the right to do, against the 'division of towns into little and generally poor parishes,' pronouncing this policy extremely injurious to society. 'But it is better,' he generously adds in his journal, 'than to live in continual contention, and it often happens that there is no other alternative.'

In October, following the "raising," the town voted to exempt the inhabitants of the westerly part of the town from all charges on account of the new church, 'provided they do proceed in building a meeting-house, and maintain preaching among them.' And the men of the West Parish at once began to collect material for the new structure, choosing for its location the extremely favorable spot where the Wellesley Congregational Church now stands, a commanding elevation in the very heart of the village.

But no one should think that all this ecclesiastical earnestness engendered chronic bitterness between the two halves of the goodly, and Godly, town of Needham. Within a year after the famous church war, another war broke out which cemented together the men of Needham in a friendship that has remained unbroken to this day. On the 19th of April, 1775, three companies of volunteers from Needham marched to Lexington and took part in the opening battle of the Revolution. One of these companies was from the West Parish; and on the 4th of July, of this present year, a tablet to their memory was erected, through the generosity of Mrs. Durant, at the East College Gate, where this company assembled, at Bullard's Tavern, then standing on that spot. Shoulder to shoulder, like good townsmen, the men of Needham fought for Liberty and for God. Fifty-nine of the eighty-two men who signed the agreement to build the new meet-

ing house were in that first Revolutionary battle, and the war made the work of church erection very slow indeed. For a score of years services were conducted in a bare structure with benches for pews, and much of the time with unglazed windows.

In 1778, the Legislature set off the West Precinct, as a legal basis for the collection of church taxes, and the West Parish—not yet a regularly organized ‘Church’—was duly legalized. Twenty years later—in 1798—‘The Church of Christ in the West Parish in Needham’ was formally ‘embodied,’ as the record quaintly says, and although eighty-two men had signed the original agreement for building, only seven men enrolled themselves as charter members of the new church,—seven men and three women.

But after this long and painful parturition, the infant daughter was born. I cannot take time to tell you the story of her life. To us, of the old West Parish, that life has been eventful, significant and blessed with a good degree of prosperity. A few matters may be briefly summarized as possessing interest for you of the older church.

Your daughter church has erected and dedicated, since 1798, three substantial edifices, the second of which is today an integral part of the Dana Hall School building. The present structure was designed by the original architects of Wellesley College, and with additions and improvements, external and internal, most comfortably accommodates the congregation, Sunday-school and various organizations of a church that has enrolled since its beginning, eleven hundred and thirty-five members, and has today a resident membership of three hundred and twenty souls. The daughter church became a mother—and the First Parish Church a grandmother—in 1847, when the Congregational Church in North Needham, or Grantville, now Wellesley

Hills, was organized. Ten pastors in succession have ministered to this church during its hundred and thirteen years of existence. Of these pastorates, the longest—thirty-four years—was the first, that of the Rev. Thomas Noyes, whose stipulated salary was £100 and 12 cords of wood per annum. The Rev. Stephen Palmer of Needham was present at the ordination, and commended the West Parish for the peaceable and orderly manner in which the settlement had been made. It is recorded of our first pastor, that some of his sermons, still preserved, were divided into two parts, for the morning and afternoon services respectively, and that each part would occupy at least an hour in the delivery. Our fathers believed in sermons Sundays. It would take a modern minister an entire month to preach one of those double barreled sermons! It is pleasant to record that a hymn-book compiled by the Rev. Mr. Palmer, was being used in 1812, by the large chorus choir of the West Parish Church. So the Mother Church supplied both life and breath to the Daughter Church.

Our records do not exhibit a large number of particularly distinguished persons. We are proud rather of a high average in the membership of ability and character. One of our members, Calvin Ellis Stowe, enjoyed a brilliant career as theological professor, and earned a still wider fame by his marriage with Harriet Beecher, whose pen has immortalized some of the families of the old West Parish and the neighboring section of Natick. On the old Communion Table in Wellesley Church there ever rests the great Bible, presented to the church by the "Lady Lothrop" of Mrs. Stowe's "Old Town Folks." Two of Wellesley's pastors are voluminous authors,—the Rev. Harvey Newcomb and the Rev. Dr. Abijah Richardson Baker. And Mrs. Baker was the "Madeleine Leslie" whose religious tales

attained very wide popularity—notably “Tim the Scissors Grinder.”

But my time is nearly gone, and I will only add, regarding the welfare of the Daughter Church, that for all these years since she left the maternal roof, she has striven to fulfil worthily her sacred mission of ministry, and worthily to illustrate and to transmit the best traditions handed down from reverent ancestors.

In October 1898, the Wellesley Congregational Church celebrated its Centennial, one of the principal addresses being made by the Rev. P. S. Thacher of this First Parish Church. And I can find no better, no more Christian sentiment with which to close my paper, than a sentence from the masterly address of Dr. Wm. Hayes Ward, delivered on that occasion. He had been speaking of the influence of the church in the making of New England, and the spirit of prophecy stirring within him, he added these words:

‘I seem to see rising up before me in the coming century, in no indistinct and misty outline, a fairer form of truth than the world has yet seen, the dissevered fragments of the Church of Christ drawn together by that love which every joint supplieth, into one dear fellowship, one Bride of Christ.’

We are now well advanced into the New Century. The Gospel of Peace is slowly federating the nations into a world-wide Brotherhood. Conservative churches are appreciating as never before, the oneness of aim and spirit that characterizes all Christian Churches. However loyal Christians may be to the creeds of the fathers, they are recognizing that even dogma, if it remains vital, must grow, and we are liberal enough—all of us, it may be hoped—to love righteousness wherever it is exhibited and striven for and prayed for. *The Truth*, when it is fairly understood, is one and the same for all. And today, as never before, the true-

hearted everywhere are striving to maintain 'the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.'

And may the peace of God, that passeth all understanding, fill our hearts and minds in the spirit of our common Master."



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, NEEDHAM

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Corner of Great Plain and Highland Avenues

Organized 1856

PASTOR . . REV. CHARLES E. SAWTELLE

Services September 17, 1911

10.45 a. m. ORGAN PRELUDE — “Holy, holy, holy ! Lord
God Almighty ”

INVOCATION

RESPONSIVE READING

GLORIA. (All standing)

ANTHEM, Male Quartette, “The Earth is the Lord’s” Gerrish

SCRIPTURE LESSON — Deuteronomy, Chapter 8

HYMN 8

PRAYER

RESPONSE, Male Quartette, “Father in thy mysterious
presence kneeling ” Gerrish

OFFERING, with verse of dedication sung by all standing

SOLO, Miss Florence B. Cambridge, “Hold Thou my hand ” Briggs

SERMON BY THE PASTOR — Text in Acts 21:39, “A citizen of no mean city ”

ANTHEM, Male Quartette, “I will lift up mine eyes ” Gerrish

BENEDICTION

ORGAN POSTLUDE

12.00 m. HOWLAND CLASS FOR MEN

PROF. GEORGE B. HAVEN, Teacher

12.10 a. m. BIBLE CLASS. Rally Day. Special exercises



NEEDHAM'S BICENTENNIAL

AT FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, NEEDHAM, MASS.

The first day of the Needham Bicentennial was celebrated at the Baptist Church by an interesting sermon by the pastor upon the significance of 200 years in the age of a town. Text: Acts 21-39. "A Citizen of no Mean City." The address was listened to by a large audience and the occasion was one of great enthusiasm and interest.

The Howland class contributed its portion to the celebration of the anniversary by special exercises held in a large tent erected upon the church lawn. The regular session of the class took place at noon, at which there were some 75 members present.

In the afternoon at 2.45 the Rev. James A. Francis D. D., of the Clarendon St. Baptist Church conducted a service especially for men, his subject being "The Bible in Our National Life." The speaker gave a forceful and masterly address with regard to the power of the scriptures in directing the life of the nation through the individual. "The nation is made up of units, and each man stands for an integral part of the whole. National life can rise no higher than individual life, and the national life can only be purified by the consecration of the individual life. The power of the Bible makes it possible for a man to break with the weakness of the past and go forward into the strength

of the future. The Bible stands for the framework and foundation upon which personal as well as national life can only be built."

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hemenway had charge of the music and the congregational singing was a very delightful feature of these gatherings.

Upon the two following days of the celebration the Howland class kept open house in the tent, dispensing hospitality in the shape of light refreshments and comfortable chairs, to many guests, many of whom came from remote parts of the United States. A corps of members of the class was always in attendance, and many pleasant informal reunions with former residents of the town were held in the tent. The exercises held in this unusual way formed a fitting contrast to the more dignified services in the church.



EVANGELICAL CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

EVANGELICAL CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Corner of Great Plain Avenue and Linden Streets

Organized May 6, 1857

PASTOR . . . REV. JOHN D. WALDRON

Service September 17, 1911

ORGAN PRELUDE—Maestosa, 2nd Sonata

G. Merkel

WILLIAM HAMILTON, Organist

DOXOLOGY

INVOCATION—"Eternal One, Our God who wast with our fathers, be with us today, we beseech Thee. Reveal Thyself unto us and be gracious unto us. And when we rest from our labors, may the work of our hands be established on earth, and we received into the eternal house of many mansions through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen "

LORD'S PRAYER

RESPONSIVE READING—Psalm 97

APOSTLES' CREED

GLORIA

OLD TESTAMENT—Deuteronomy 28:1-14

ANTHEM, BY FULL CHOIR

JAMES ADAMS, Leader

NEW TESTAMENT—Hebrews 11 : 1 and 12 : 2

PRAYER

REV. J. B. SEABURY

OFFERTORY—Organ, Adagio, 2nd Sonata

HYMN — No. 573, "While, with Ceaseless Course, the Sun "

SERMON — Text, Isaiah 39: 4, "What have they seen in thy house?"
Lessons of the Old Needham Garret

HYMN — No. 576, "Lord while for all mankind we pray "

POSTLUDE — Organ, Introduction and Fuge. 2nd Sonata

LESSONS OF THE OLD NEEDHAM GARRET

REV. JOHN D. WALDRON

Text, Isaiah 39 : 4 "What have they seen in thy house?"

"Judged by the Things in the House"

All that was in Hezekiah's house the messengers of Merodach Baladin, King of Babylon, had seen. From what they saw they judged Judah.

We who would know of the past of New England two hundred years ago, will read it best from the book of things in the houses of Needham in 1711. Those things still remain, but have risen to the garrets, or are in historical museums which are in character the same as garrets. But we will read them by the dim light which comes filtering thro diamond paned garret windows, upon the relics time has gathered there.

It may be you do not know the old Needham Garret. Then I must open it to you. Under great rafters brown with age, low lying, are long forest aisles of darkness. Now and then a cross gable lights the way. Under foot are great wide boards, split from huge logs, smoothed with adze and plane. And to this dark, dry storehouse come worn axes, clumsy shovels, blacksmith formed hammers, the first tools of the wilderness. With these they opened the forest, tilled and shaped the earth, and built their abodes. Here are the candlestick, the old bread-trough, the spinning

wheel, cradle and Bible. These are the tools which brought culture to the wilderness, home to the family, comfort and beauty to the body, increase to the people, and eternal life in God to many.

To this room on rainy days the children ascended, and while the drops pattered on the roof, and the wind rasped with the branches of the old trees across the shingles, Madeline and Dorothy dressed in the quaint garments of Deborah and Priscilla and laughingly courtesied while John shouldered the flintlock musket of Jonathan and marched to Lexington. Here they felt the Red Tide of 1775, tears fell from childish eyes, youthful hearts again thrilled at the Life of Long Ago.

'There are broken rings, and pieces of things, and the garments she used to wear.'

Needham has been too near movement and new things to keep her ancient mansions unchanged, and her relics intact, and we must look in Fort Shirley's collection, the Old State House at Boston, and the treasures of Old Deerfield, once Pocumtuc (and as the child of Dedham, your sister town, for Natick was given to the Indians in exchange for it) and in fine old homesteads in New England's quiet spots. From these we recreate the Old Needham Garret. Now climb the steep stairs. Beware of the low ceiling! Lean forward for balance. Now, keeping to the middle, we move down between the survivors of life's storm. Here are tools once wielded with energy by hands that now rest. Here, I say again, are a man's tools, the axe for battle, the shovel, instrument of civilization, the hammer for building, the tools of 1711 and their lessons.

Man's Tools—The Axe

When the first settlers came hither, they entered the woods with axes in their hands. Crude were

they in shape but true in temper, and they made openings in the oak domain. They laid forest monarchs low. They split them for puncheon floors, for doors and shutters, and henges such as Lincoln's boyhood knew a hundred years later. As they laid low and hewed the stubborn wood, they thought of Gideon and the grove by the altar of Baal he hewed down. And in spirit they laid Upas trees in the dust for 'even now was the axe laid at the root of the tree,' the tree of misgovernment and usurpation of power by unworthy hereditary rulers. Those who were denying in practice the rights of man, 'the certain unalienable rights,' 'right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' and to us their children they bequeath the Battle Axe, saying:—

'Strike! for the Green Graves of your Sires,
God and your native land!'

The Shovel

Right beside the axe lies a plebeian heavy shovel, fellow brother of the stick which first scratched the earth to cover a seed, or make a plant grow, or drew soil to partly open or close a cave's mouth for entrance or defence. Cousin of the branch that became a plow drawn by woman or oxen, the gang plow and railroad shovel which they never knew. The shovel was a permanent settler's tool and said 'I abide.' It planted the first fruit trees on these plains in the wilderness, and signified agriculture at its beginning. It digged a channel at the falls for falling water to turn grist mills and weave, beginning manufacture and the harnessing of nature. Used in road making, it speaks of travel and the brotherhood of man, also of trade and commerce. Thro it the steel highway should run from shore to shore, swamps be drained, silver snow water

directed from snowy Sierra and Rocky peaks into sun kissed California and sun blistered deserts, till the desert blossoms as the rose. By it the oceans are joined in our day at Panama, and by its aid on land and sea is rising a highway, over which some set of sun the Heavenly King comes riding when toil is done. So they

‘Worked in the morning hours.’

The Hammer

The village vulcan shaped that on his anvil. It wrought the nails for old Deerfield's Indian door and drove them to their places, then, in the spirit of that age, clinched them there. After building the doors and shutters against wolf and wolfish Indian, it shaped the door sill and the wide hearth stone where backlogs might roar and crackle and heaps of red embers glow, where the crane swings above, bearing the boiling dinner in a great iron pot. At evening time chestnuts popped, apples roasted and sweet cider simmered, while youthful poets dreamed the melodies of Snowbound to the sound of west wind and drifting snows, and hissing flakes tumbling down the mighty throat. The place for this joy, the axe and shovel and hammer had built in the forest. There were but four houses in Needham worth \$100 apiece, yet to the brides they were as cosy as the nests to the birds, or the hollow trees to the red squirrel. As before and since some tried to rear without God's plan and left unfinished Babels in the wood. Others reared temples that were filled with glad glory and He abode with them. Some drove their stern Puritan lives ‘like nails fastened by the masters of assemblies in a sure place,’ while there were unknown Arnolds and Burrs who smote with the hammer of wicked living the cruel nails in the hands of

Him who would have saved them; thoughtlessly living nailing Him who died for them His children. Yet there were many who might have sung as they swung the hammer with steel so true:

‘We are building every day
A temple the world may not know.’

Do you not see this lesson of the Old Needham Garret? That the forms change, the great facts remain the same. There were men who were brave and women who were fair, and the part the women who were fair performed is not forgotten in the Old Garret. There are ancient bonnets whose encircling ruffles formed the frames for kisses. There were garments that once covered spirits as willing and hearts as loving as time ever saw, and they speak tenderly to us today out of the Old Needham Garret. Here are woman's tools, the candlestick, bread trough, spinning wheel, cradle and Bible.

Woman's Tools—The Candlestick

By sunset birds must find their sheltering bough and rest. But by dipped candle and Betty lamp of 1711 life became capable of more complete control. It prolonged day and by its gleam the sacred book was read, the few poets on the shelf tasted and the learned books mastered. For the Fathers did not choose the superficial or pretty in literature. The candle gleamed for the family reader who told out the tale to the knitting of stockings, the mending of shoes, harness or farm tools, or the slicing of apples to dry for winter. It lighted the bedside at birth and death; as the life of the mother lighted the dark hours with song and prayer and love, and went gleaming out along the roads whither her children journeyed. So that far away the

light—mother, home and heaven shone with the radiance of the New Jerusalem. "So shines a little candle in the night."

The Bread Trough

was often filled with "Ingin Meal", sometimes buckwheat, often rye for ash cakes, griddle cakes or bread, to be eaten with maple syrup or fat pork. The bread whether baked in old Dutch ovens or otherwise, was the center of the feast. It spoke of the harvest of sowing and reaping, of death for life, of many grains for one loaf, of dying to serve. It made the family meal a Lord's Supper; was sweet as manna from heaven to children and all. It symbolized family life and fellowship. It was leaven. It came from the oven that tries. It was of God who saves. They would sing:—

'Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
And back of the flour the mill,
And back of the mill the rain and the air
And God the Father's will.'

The Spinning Wheel, Baby's Cradle and the Bible

We must not become entangled in the woolen yarn of the first, nor be caught in the tide that set toward the cradle and the Bible. This day will not permit save to say that furs were good for the hunter in the woods, but the baby in the cradle must be dressed in garments softer, that could be dyed in the blood of berries and stained with woodland roots, to each fond mother's fancy, and then taught the words of the Bible, that her sons might go out (not stay as we are in the Old Needham Garret) to the larger community life upon whose significance we now enter. Out to Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, Saratoga, to Yorktown they went. Out of the individual, the family, to

the community. Each man wielded the axe of smiting, the shovel of labor, the hammer of building. Each woman lighted a candle, filled the bread trough with fellowship, and turned the spinning wheel, rocked the cradle, and believed the Bible. And men and women together built the town, the school, and the church as community tools.

The Town

At once we see men were the same. Some would neglect town meeting in those days. Dedham imposed a fine of one shilling on those one half hour late, and three shillings for those absent from the meeting. But by this fine they showed their faith that every man might be brought there. The first meeting of Needham was December the 4th, 1711, when they chose a place to bury the dead. Three weeks later they voted to build a house of public worship. They apportioned lands equally if they followed Dedham's example which was equal lots of 12 acres for the home field and 4 of swamp for married men, and 8 of home and 3 of swamp for unmarried men, which shows a desire to keep equality. No water rights were to be appropriated by any man. Would that this wisdom had been persisted in. Ladders were to stand by every house. No reckless men in fire laws. They found the Grace of God in their hearts, and a definite plan accepted, necessary for peace and prosperity. And at town meeting they fought jealously for every right and furthered the day of 'government of the people.' In Dedham they think they planted the roots of the government which came. There they examined the accounts of selectmen, decided where to build bridges, where erect public buildings, when protest taxes, petition or defy governors. Every man had one vote, no man had

two and attempts at pressure watched. In these debates continental orators were trained, minute men organized, taxes levied, troops raised, traitors denounced and preparation for freedom made. All this was well done because the first public building in many communities was the school house.

The School House

The first school house built in Needham was three stories high, the top being a watch tower up beside the great chimney. Here the dominie of the day taught the youth with a birch rod as Gideon taught the men of Succoth with briars and thorns. Into this school house they gathered without respect to color, race or social standing and almost to age. Mind and genius were crowned as in Lincoln's and Garfield's day. They had a tower on their school no doubt to detect fire or signals of danger, Indian or other. The days with us demand the watch tower on the school, lest in our foolish optimism we be beaten educationally by others ere we are aware; lest materialism take the place of character as an end, or pleasure that of profit; lest History's lesson that 'sin is a disgrace to any people' be missed; lest foes of the public school demand the withdrawal of religion from the schools and then demand relief from its support because of its non-religious character. Parents, citizens, Needhamites, ought the watch tower to come down from the school house or be builded higher and have a sentinel day and night? Can children get a better training mentally in private schools, then parents will send them there. Can children be strengthened in all good ways in religious schools, then will sacrifices be made that daughters may be protected in chastity and their sons not forget the God of their fathers. Are we doing as much for

our children as those needy people did for theirs? I doubt it. Are we teaching as much respect for law and the community? Would not the old log school and its master with his collection of good tough rods be a good thing for the majority of school children? Then hail! thrice hail to the school built in the forest with watch tower, great aid to the town house on the common and the church beside it.

The Church

As you have seen, the town had to do with men's bodies—roads, laws, taxes, military service. The schools had for their purpose the teaching of reading, writing and arithmetic, to train and inform the mind with morality as an object also. But the church was supreme with them, even if they neglected it, even if they rejected it, even if they hated it, supreme. For it had a Book that was divine. It received its authority from God, and the preachers were the interpreters. To obey this book the better part had crossed the wintry Atlantic. Plymouth, Salem, Boston, by their graves kept fresh the cost of the church. So as far as their united means permitted, they reared the meeting house, strong, substantial and stately. On the coast like beacons; on the hills they lifted their steeples a higher hand toward heaven. In their pulpits stood men of authority, to whom the learned listened gladly, the Indian and slave reverently, the common people humbly, and the boys indifferently. We stand in the gallery and the tything man rises to discipline those youngsters and lo! a few years fly, and standing under the stars I see that stern old preacher praying for hastily gathered troops, who in their hearts answer 'Amen' to the plea, 'Endue them with courage to put to flight the armies of the alien.' I see their faces as they march away to Lexington and Concord, the frolic-





METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
NEEDHAM HEIGHTS



CHRIST CHURCH (Episcopal)
NEEDHAM HEIGHTS

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

CORNER OF HIGHLAND AVENUE AND HUNNEWELL STREET

ORGANIZED APRIL, 1887

“Render therefore to all their dues.”—Rom. 13: 7.

(The following are the notes on the sermon preached in the Methodist Episcopal Church of Needham Heights on Sunday morning, Sept. 17, 1911, by Rev. Edward Marsh, Pastor)

“ We have come to celebrate the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the founding of Needham. Many are thinking of the wonderful improvements that have been made during that time. You may speak of the wilderness and only a very few houses, and of the many inconveniences, but now look at what we are : our churches, library building, town hall, shops, stores, mills, parks, beautiful streets. Instead of wallowing in the mud we have good roads. We laugh at the “Old One Horse Shay,” for now we have the powerful automobile.

And so we go on calling attention to the great improvements that we have made over our forefathers, but let us ask ‘How were these improvements possible?’ We are not to tell so much of what we have done, as what our forefathers made it possible for us to do ; and they made it possible by not only what they wrought with their hands but by the sacrifices they made—the life which they lived.

Our celebration will be most incomplete unless we take into consideration the men and women who first came to New England. Who were these men and women who sought a home in these Western wilds? Because we dress in the latest fashion we need not be ashamed of them. If history will only count us worthy sons and daughters of those who faced for us the forest and the frost, the Indian and the wolf, the gaunt famine and the desolating plague! Oh they were plain people, hard working, Bible reading, much in earnest, with a deep sense of God in them and a thorough detestation of the devil and his works.

We can not know, we cannot understand American history without first becoming familiar with the Puritan spirit. In some ways there has been a growing opposition to this spirit, and it has been because of vaticanism on the one hand or agnosticism on the other.

Let me strongly recommend a thorough study of the whole subject—know the truth of the matter. Yes, if you please, be able to distinguish between the Pilgrim and the Puritan. Some time go to Delft Haven and go into that little church where the Pilgrim fathers had their last meeting before sailing for this country.

But underneath it all find out the Puritan spirit. Who were the Puritans? Taking the word in its broad sense, the institutions of America are largely Puritan. The Puritans were greatly influenced by the Netherlands, and we might say that for hundreds of years the Netherlands stood as the guide and the instructor of England in almost everything which made her materially great. Hallam says that Holland at the end of the sixteenth century and for many years afterwards was pre-eminently the literary country of Europe. In Holland the men who sustained painters and musicians, who fostered science and broad learning, were the plain

burghers in the cities—merchants and manufacturers, men whom Queen Elizabeth called ‘base mechanicals’—who all worked themselves, and by example or by precept taught that labor is honorable.

In 1617 a young French soldier serving in the Dutch army was passing through the streets of Breda. A crowd was gathered on a corner, all intent, studying a paper pasted on the wall. The young French soldier asked a bystander to translate for him the contents of that poster, and what do you think it contained? Why it was a problem in mathematics. The soldier took that problem to his rooms and in a few days sent in the answer, signed Descartes. That was the introduction to the world of Rene Descartes—great French philosopher. But think of that crowd interested over a mathematical problem.

What the country needs is a larger measure of the Puritan spirit in energetic development and in wide distribution. Fundamentally, the effect of the past one hundred years has been to plant churches, schools, colleges. All the early settlers of New England paid great attention to the instructing of their children. By 1665 every town in Massachusetts had a common school, and when the Puritan spirit declined there was a falling off in the schools and an increase of illiteracy.

Do you not say then that there is something in this Puritan spirit that is worthy of honor? The elements that made up the Puritan spirit are essentially moral and earnestly practical, not theoretical. Dr. R. L. Storrs in a careful and critical paper declared that there were four elements in the spirit of the Puritan. ‘The first thing that we might name in this spirit are intense conviction of apprehended truth, a desire to maintain and extend it and to bring others to affirm it. Moral or religious propositions rather than those which are political or philosophical.

Second, an intense sense of the authority of righteousness.

Third, a profound assurance of God's righteous rule.

At last the Puritan looks for the absolute overthrow of all sin and the dominion of righteousness. He believed that God held the individual to strict account.

Fourth. There is a profound sense of the dignity of man.'

To be sure, as we hold up the Puritan we must admit that he had failings, and no one knew this better than himself. There was first the lack of interest in esthetics. Everything must be of the plainest kind. The Puritan was largely iconoclastic. He was like John the Baptist. Not much of a chance for pleasure in his life.

Second, to us there seems to be a lack of affectionate sympathy. As one told me she never remembered of having seen her mother kiss one of her children. Mrs. Sarah Knight tells that her father, Capt. Kemble of Boston, returning from a sea voyage of three years, was put in public stocks for two full hours for the crime of having kissed his wife when she met him at the door. Take up a volume of the sermons of a Puritan preacher, and you find none of the subjects of the so-called popular preaching of today.

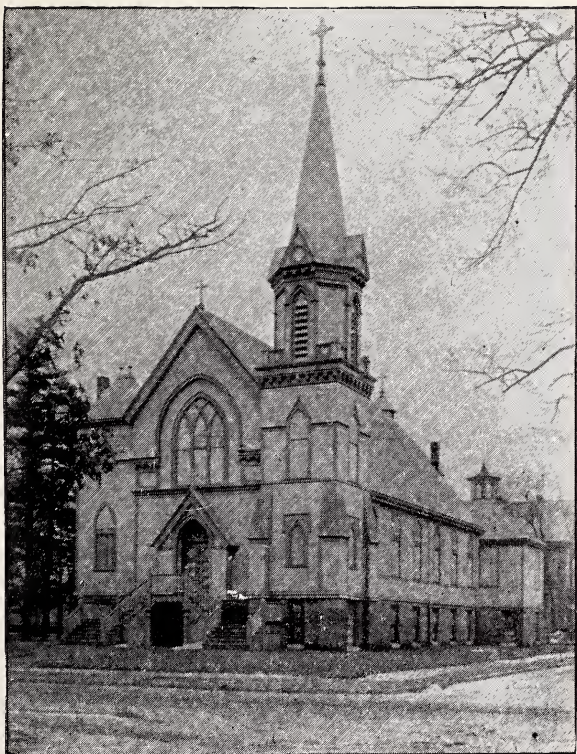
But in spite of all that you can say against the Puritan, we must admit that he was sincere. That there was no sham in him. He was a man of great carriage. He felt that one with God was a majority. The uproar of the multitude did not disturb him. He was the same true man in the midst of enemies. Church hierarchies, dignitaries, state authorities did not faze him in the least. There was his individual responsibility to God. 'First pure, then peaceable' was his

favorite maxim. If he cared little for the things of this world, his mind dwelt on things above. He read much and pondered long over the Apocalypse. The Puritan wife tried to be as the ideal mother of the Old Testament. To her the Chapter of all was the 31st of Proverbs.

In these days are we to look with disrespect on the real spirit of the Puritan? Woe be to us if we fail to remember the Puritan with honor. If we had not this spirit as a foundation, as a nation we would be in ruins.

Let us thank God for the Puritan."





ST. JOSEPH CHURCH, (Roman Catholic)

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH

(ROMAN CATHOLIC)

Corner of Highland Avenue and May Street. First sermon on Christmas day, 1890. Corner-stone of present house laid September 20, 1891. Dedicated, Memorial Day, May 30, 1894. Pastor, Rev. T. J. Danahy. Assistant pastor, Rev. D. Donovan.

This church, on that celebrated occasion, had its fine altar and sanctuary beautifully decorated and an overflowing congregation of devout worshippers, who formally in special prayer thanked God for His manifold blessings, temporal and spiritual, civic and ecclesiastical, bestowed upon the town, humbly beseeching Him still more to bless it and pour down more abundantly upon it His gracious mercies for its conservation, its extension and factorage for good amidst the glories of this greatest of the nations of the earth. Solemn high mass in all its fascinating beauty of ceremony and musical adjunct was celebrated, the Rev. Pastor, T. J. Danahy being celebrant, the Rev. Edmund Daley, deacon, and Rev. D. Donovan sub-deacon. Rev. Fr. J. A. Crowley was master of ceremonies.

A sermon germane to the occasion, was preached by the pastor ; the Te Deum and Recessional bringing to a close this most memorable fact in the history of the town.

At night, with the same decorations and the added beauty of electrical illumination, the solemn vespral services were sung and the Rev. Pastor again sallied forth into the historical archives of the country and of Europe to show forth the wonderful providence of God in opening up this country for the persecuted of Europe and as an asylum for all anxious, by industrial, intelligent and religious conditions, to improve their own fortunes, while helping to develop the exhaustless and wonderfully variant treasures of this peerless Commonwealth of these United States.

CHRIST CHURCH

(EPISCOPAL)

Corner of Highland Avenue and Mellen Street. Organized Aug. 19, 1895. First pastor, Rev. Frederick Pender. Present pastor, Rev. Newton Black.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST

Christian Science Hall, Fowler Block No. 2. Organized July 28, 1902, with twenty-four charter members at the home of one of its members. First Reader, Henry A. T. Dow. Second Reader, Mrs. Leana L. Clancy.

LESSON SERMON, SUNDAY, SEPT. 17, 1911

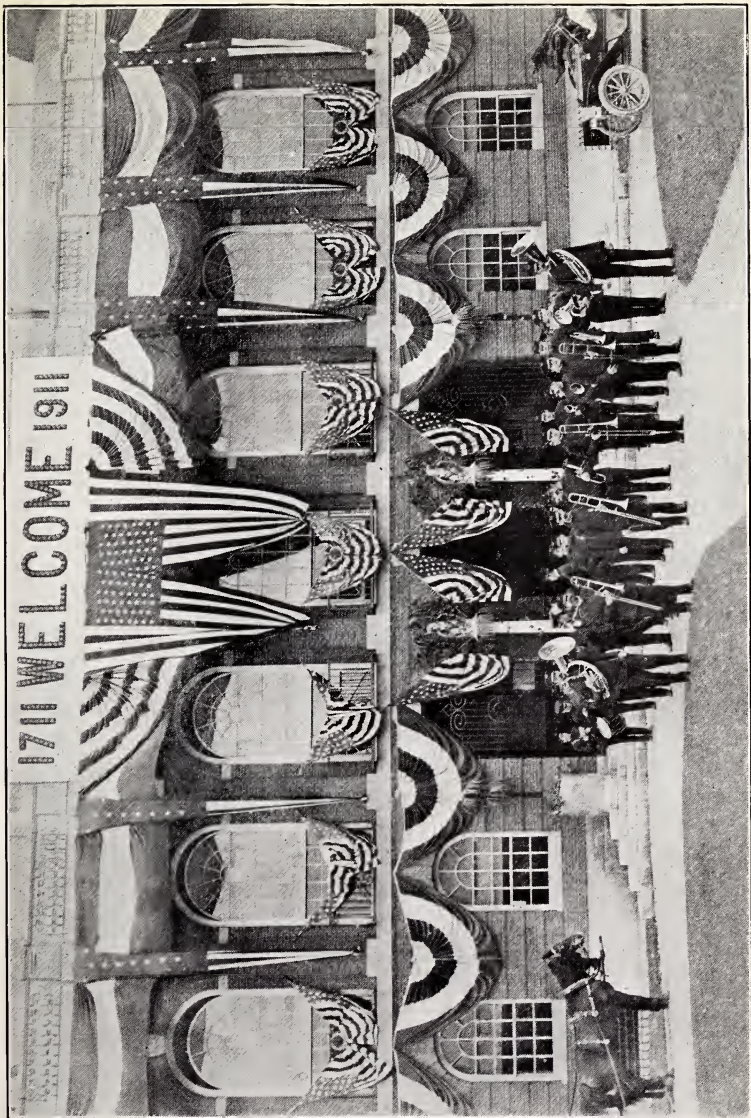
SUBJECT: "MATTER"

Golden Text: Luke 6: 49. "But he that heareth, and doeth not, is like a man that without a foundation built an house upon the earth; against which the stream did beat vehemently, and immediately it fell; and the ruin of that house was great."



EXERCISES IN TOWN HALL





DECORATED FRONT ENTRANCE OF THE TOWN HALL AND THE NEEDHAM MILITARY BAND

BICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE TOWN OF NEEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

SUNDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 17, 1911

In the town hall beautifully decorated and upon the stage filled with prominent citizens, the Sunday evening program of the Needham Two Hundredth Anniversary celebration was rendered with marked interest and success.

From seven to seven-thirty o'clock a sacred concert was given by the Needham Military Band, assisted by the Howland Class Male Quartette, and at seven-thirty the speaking exercises of the evening were begun by the presiding officer, W. G. Moseley, Esq., whose opening remarks were preceded by a prayer by the Rev. Charles E. Sawtelle, as follows:

"Almighty God, it is fitting that we acknowledge Thee at the beginning of these happy services. Thou hast led us as a community; Thou hast richly blessed us in many ways; we do thank Thee for the town in which we live; we thank Thee for its history all these two hundred years; we thank Thee that the blessing of God has been upon us in so many ways; we thank Thee for the natural beauty of the place, for the good fellowship and neighborliness of the citizens, for all that makes life rich and full here, and we thank Thee

especially for the increasing opportunities of ours for usefulness as citizens of this growing community. Will God grant that we may have His wisdom in the future to deal with the problems that from time to time arise.

We thank Thee for the various interests of the town; for its business affairs; for its civic concerns; for its educational interests, and for the religious work of this community. We thank Thee for the work of the various churches, and while there may be differences of administrations, we pray that there may be the same spirit of Christ brooding over all and in all, and may we acknowledge Thee the Father of all, and may we have Thy spirit in our hearts.

We pray as we enter this anniversary season that we may not fix our attention on the benefits which we have had showered upon us, but conscious of thy fatherhood may seek each one in his place by living nobly; by fighting the good fight of faith; by having the spirit of Christ in our hearts, and his sympathy for our fellow-men. May we seek to advance the common good, and may we see to it that we have all of us a citizenship in heaven above; and while we walk these earthly steps may we in every avenue enrich and fill it full and advance the common good, not only in religious ways but also in our more secular pursuit.

We ask, O Lord, Thy blessing on this meeting tonight. Bless every home represented. Bless every individual here. Bless those not able to meet with us; bless those who are sick, and may Thy abundant blessing rest on the speaker of the evening. We thank Thee for his work for the youth of the land. We thank Thee that he is interested in so many things pertaining to the welfare of mankind, and as he seeks to do Thy will in all ways may he have the freedom of Thy spirit and the confidence of Thy strength.

We ask it all in the name of our Lord, Amen."

Mr. Moseley's remarks were as follows:

"At the opening of the exercises connected with the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Needham, I deem it but proper as a representative of the town to extend to you a welcome.

It is very gratifying to the committee to say that we have met with very cordial support and co-operation in our efforts to make this celebration a success.

We welcome to our town those who have associations here, and are bound to us by ties of kindred or association, and have returned to the town to help us in this celebration. We extend to you all a welcome to our town, to its hospitality, to its comfortable homes and to its pleasant streets, and to the well kept public buildings and to the town as it is, we extend to you all a cordial welcome. And we ask that you will help us in the other days of the celebration to make these anniversary exercises fitting and proper and in keeping with our town.

I think it is very proper that the town should observe anniversaries of this character; it is well for us to pause occasionally and look back over the history of our country and if possible grasp that which is before us. It is but a very short time between the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth and the incorporation of the town of Needham,—a matter of ninety years—and those ninety years were for the preparation of the settlement of the different towns in the Commonwealth. As you know the Pilgrims sought this country for the purpose of freedom to worship God, and as an instrumentality for the extension of that idea they had the church organization. The training of those men, it has been said, brought forth men that have astonished the world with the boldness of their

commercial enterprises; and the qualities recognized, cultivated and developed by the early settlers have been the determining factor in furnishing men fitted to leave the old Bay State and go to the West, and found the states of our western country that have become a power in the whole nation.

Now, if the early settlers were trained along lines tending to fit men for the responsible positions of life, it seems to me that we can learn a lesson from them, and while today we hear so much said about the progressiveness of the country, and that we should cut loose from the old laws and from the old customs, I think it would do us good to turn back and study the history of the State, to recall again that first settlers came here for the purpose to worship God, and so realizing, we should take a firmer hold upon the duties of good citizenship.

I was somewhat interested the other day to find published in a magazine a short poem by James Russell Lowell, which seems to bear upon the popular idea of today. I will read it:

'New times demand new measures and new men;
The world advances and in time outgrows
The laws that in our fathers' day were best;
And, doubtless, after us some purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
Made wiser by the steady growth of truth.
The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe, for change;
Then let it come; I have no dread of what
Is called for by the instinct of mankind.
Nor think I that God's world would fall apart
Because we tear a parchment more or less;
Truth is eternal, but her effluence,
With endless change, is fitted to the hour;
Her mirror is turned forward, to reflect
The promise of the future, not the past.'

The trouble with the times, in my opinion, is not that they are new times demanding new measures and new men, but that we have mistaken noise for newness. What we need, in my opinion, is that men shall realize their responsibilities of citizenship; that there shall be a reawakening of the public conscience; that men shall assume their proper place in the management and government of the country. Laws may be simple, they may be perfect, but they will not work automatically; they need men to execute them; and as a result of this celebration if we can but get a firmer grasp upon our duties as men, if we may be awakened to our responsibilities as citizens, this observance will be worth all it has cost.

In the early days there was erected on top of a hill in Boston a post with a projecting iron arm upon which was suspended an iron pot, in which a fire could be made to serve as a beacon, and from this the hill derives the name of Beacon Hill. It was understood that when a blaze was seen at this point, the men in the surrounding country should come to the centre to give relief to those in danger. There is now in the State House grounds, a granite shaft to take the place of the one first erected, and upon the base are tablets bearing inscriptions. I have always been impressed with the inscription on the tablet on the west side, where we find this: 'Americans, while from this eminence scenes of luxuriant fertility, of flourishing commerce, and the abodes of social happiness meet your view, forget not those who by their exertions have secured you these blessings.' As Needham today observes the two hundredth anniversary of its foundation let us not forget those who by their exertions have secured to us these blessings. I bid you welcome."

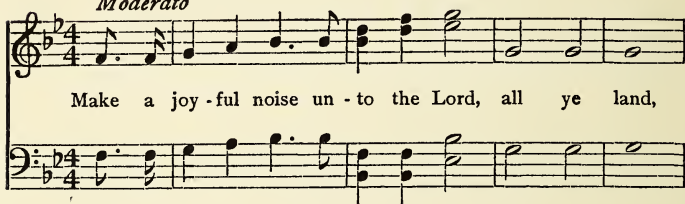
Needham's Bicentennial hymn, composed by a citizen, Mr. Geo. E. Mitchell, was sung by the quartet.

NEEDHAM ANNIVERSARY HYMN

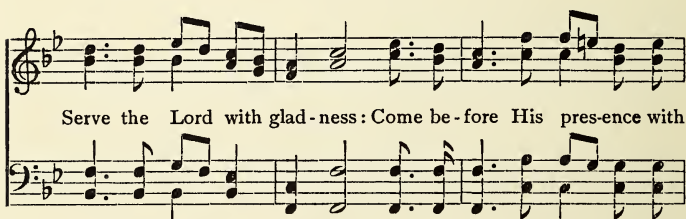
PSALM 100

COMPOSED BY GEORGE E. MITCHELL

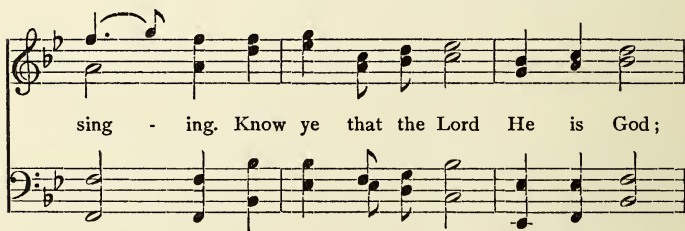
Moderato



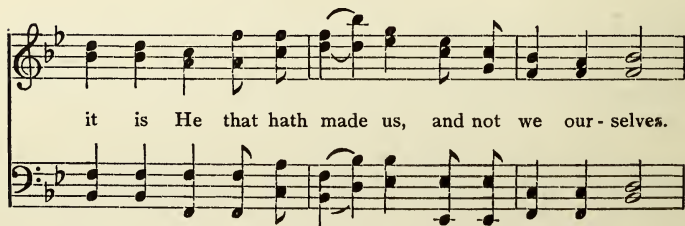
Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, all ye land,



Serve the Lord with glad - ness : Come be - fore His pres - ence with



sing - ing. Know ye that the Lord He is God ;



it is He that hath made us, and not we our - selves.

p dim. rit. *pp*

We are His peo - ple, and the sheep of His pas - ture.

Bright
ff a tempo

En - ter in - to His gates with thanks - giv - ing, and in - to His

courts with praise : be thankful un - to Him and bless His name,

f

For the Lord is good ; His mer - cy is ev - er - last - ing and His

p

truth en - dur - eth to all gen - e - ra - tions. A - me

MR. MOSELEY. "The committee arranging for this meeting tonight had in mind that they desired a speaker to come here to address this meeting whom we could introduce with considerable confidence; as a speaker acceptable at an occasion like this. And in looking over the field, we found a man of national reputation, a man who is known to be one graceful in expression and forceful in utterance, who never says anything but what people are pleased to treasure and remember, and I therefore take pleasure tonight in introducing to you the speaker for this evening,—Dr. William H. P. Faunce, President of Brown University."

ADDRESS OF DR. WILLIAM H. P. FAUNCE

“Never before have I been in the town of Needham, and as I came over on the train tonight I said to myself: ‘Shall I not appear as an outsider, shall I not be merely an intruder at a family festival?’

But I cannot be wholly an intruder or outsider anywhere in Massachusetts. In the city of Worcester I was born; five generations of my forefathers are buried on the old Burial Hill in the city of Plymouth; and whenever any community in the old Bay State is celebrating its achievements, and seeking to uplift and enlarge its life, there I find myself profoundly interested.

And for a few minutes this evening, I want to be as one of your family, sitting with you at the same table and thinking with you the same thoughts. I can see at a glance that you have here one of the finest town halls and one of the best musical organizations to be found in the Commonwealth, and I believe that you will throughout this festival achieve a new access of civic devotion, enthusiasm and unity, which will be felt for a long, long time to come.

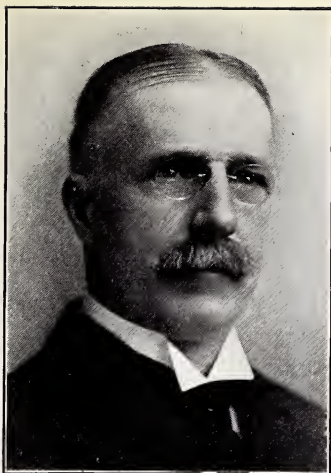
Woodrow Wilson, who is just now a prominent figure in our national life, when he was president of Princeton University took a journey to the mountains of Tennessee, and one afternoon was seated by the side of an old stage driver for two or three hours. The

driver was somewhat awed at first by the presence of the college professor, but soon his assurance asserted itself and he ventured the remark, 'I suppose you'uns at college know some things that we'uns in Tennessee don't know.' Dr. Wilson admitted that might be true. Then after a few moments' thought, the old driver said: 'I suppose that we'uns in the mountains know some things that you'uns at college don't know,'—and Dr. Wilson admitted that that might be true. The driver considered the matter for a time and then said: 'Well, how mixin' does learn folks!'

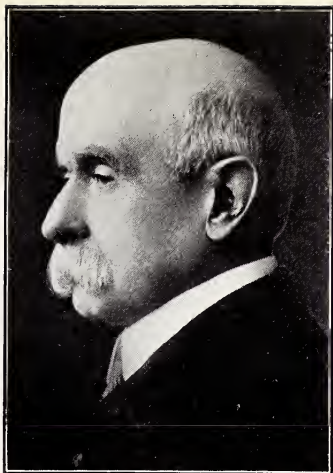
Yes, I believe in that philosophy. You will find that the "mixing" in these days of men and women and children from various homes and various occupations from all political parties and religious creeds,—their mixing in splendid civic vision and devotion will accomplish much for the future of Needham.

I want to speak with you tonight about patriotism in time of peace,—what it is and what it means.

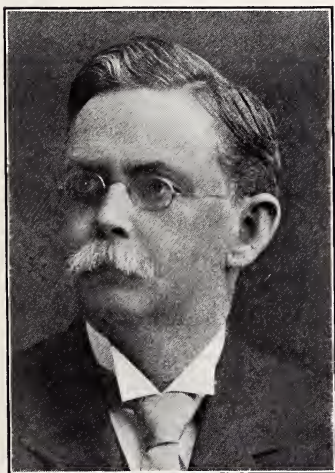
What is patriotism? It is more than covering your buildings with bunting, it is more than waving flags in a procession, more than pyrotechnics brightening the darkness of the sky. When a man says, 'I love my country,' what does he love? He certainly does not love a spot on the map; he certainly does not love the stones in the street; he does not love trees by the roadside; he does not love the bricks and timbers in the houses. What does he love? 'I love thy rocks and dells,' we say. But that is not patriotism; a man that loves rocks may be a geologist, but not necessarily a patriot. When a man loves his country he loves the ideals which the fathers cherished, and the institutions in which those ideals are embodied. He loves the liberty, the law, the integrity, the loyalty of the fathers, the types of character that they exhibited, and the institutions through which that type of char-



W.H. P. FAUNCE, D.D.



CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS



GEORGE K. CLARKE



MRS. J. G. A. CARTER

acter has been perpetuated. The man who loves those things loves his country, or his city, or his town.

Patriotism involves three things,—memory, co-operation, and education; memory of the past, co-operation in the present, and education for the future.

They sometimes tell us that our children at school are not having their memories cultivated as much as in former days. It is not simply the individual memory we need to cultivate; it is our national memory as well. Republics have been charged with having very short memories, but all America has a short memory for America has a very short history.

I shall not forget the first time I visited the old world, in the year 1884. I landed at Liverpool and was driving in a cab to the hotel, when I saw the tall tower of a church looming up in the evening sky, and I asked what church that was and when it was built. My informant answered that it was 'About four hundred years old.' At once I thought: 'Where was America when that church was built?' Then I began to see that while American civilization is very broad, European civilization is very deep; that American civilization covers much territory, while European civilization covers much time. There is hardly a boy or girl born in Europe who does not grow up in the sight of some famous battlefield; some monument of world wide fame; some old castle; some famous palace that speaks from the past; and there are hundreds of thousands of Americans who never in their lives have seen anything a hundred years old. To them historical perspective is difficult or impossible.

Hence the monument that the New England town places in its public square may be quite as useful as any bank or factory, and the tablet erected in marble or bronze, to commemorate the deeds of the past may speak quite as loudly as the voices of pulpit or press.

The buildings that cultivate memory, that speak to imagination and loyalty, may be the most serviceable building a community contains. Hence, we should carefully mark the spots of local and historical significance in New England. In every place in these New England states where a great battle was fought; where a famous man lived; where a noble deed was done; where a great family had its hearthstone, some mark should be set up to tell it to the generations that follow. The men who do not revere their yesterdays deserve no tomorrow.

This is especially necessary because of the streams of foreign blood that in these later years are pouring into our American life. I know of one New England city of 125,000 population that has 40,000 Italians; another New England city not far away in a population of 35,000 has 25,000 French or French Canadians. I sometimes think I find more of old New England in Minneapolis and Seattle than I find in Lowell or Fall River.

But I am not afraid of these streams of immigration. I am much more afraid of the degeneracy of our American stock than I am of any danger that may come through the inflowing of the old world. Our chief problems are where American families go to sleep and not where alert and ambitious families come to us from across the sea. But these families who come to us from Europe must be made to know for what our country stands. They must be made acquainted with Washington and Adams and Jefferson and Lincoln and Charles Sumner and John Robinson and Miles Standish; they must know for what the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has stood from the days of Roger Williams and Elder Brewster to the present time. They must know what ideals the fathers cherished as they built these towns and cities. If we men and women of the

true American stock have the right spirit we will not wrap our garments about us to protect ourselves from all foreign invasion, but we shall go to the foreigner as he arrives and say,—‘Welcome not only to our soil but to our heritage, to our memories, to our traditions and loyalties, to the responsibilities of our American citizenship!’ Keep the memories of Needham alive, if you would have the future of Needham a future in which everyone may be proud and happy.

But patriotism in time of peace means another thing, and that is *cooperation*.

We all know that America has been the home of a superb individualism. Our forefathers had a strain of fighting blood in them. They loved their firesides, but they did not care to stay at home; they wanted to go forth where there was a prairie to be conquered, virgin forests to be felled, oceans to be explored. They had behind them when they came to this country no support from court or church; they had simply ‘heart within and God o’erhead.’

The great founders of commonwealths in this country like Roger Williams and William Penn; the great explorers like Se Doto, Hudson, and Fremont; the great inventors like Fulton, Eli Whitney and Edison, were all men of splendid self-reliance and personal audacity; men who dared to face the whole world and stand alone and do their work, and the great work of America thus far has been done by the initiative and self-reliance of individuals.

We have had individualism in industry. When there has been a great work to be done in agriculture, it is the individual that has gone out and bought the farm, planted it and raised the crops. When there has been work to be done in manufacturing it is the individual that has planned his factory, hired his men and conducted his business to success or failure. In

politics our fathers were so much afraid of centralized authority that they delegated only certain specified powers to the general government. We have had more individualism in this country than in any other country the sun has shone upon. Every man has said to the government: 'Simply protect me, and give me a chance to show what I can do.'

Now there is a change coming over the temper of our American life. It is not that the old ideal was false,—it was all true,—but that now is quite inadequate. It is not that that old idea of self-reliance and individual initiative was a wrong idea,—it was perfectly right,—but it is a bridge that only goes half-way over the stream. The supreme question for America today is,—how to preserve that self-reliance of the fathers, that personal daring which marked their whole career, and yet to attain that corporate consciousness, that sense of social unity and solidarity, which alone can enable us to grapple with the problems of the twentieth century.

A new sense of civic duty, a new sense of partnership with the state, is now coming into our American communities. A little time ago a great city in western Pennsylvania awoke to consciousness of its own remissness and failure. It found that it was one of the most successful cities in the world in the making of steel, but was often failing utterly in the making of men. It did not put on sackcloth and ashes like ancient Ninevah. But it did something better; it appointed a commission; it summoned a traction expert to tell the people to relay their car tracks; it summoned an architect to tell them how to build modern tenements, a landscape gardener to cover the dingy hillsides with homes for working men; and that city is today undergoing a process of social and moral regeneration.

It is not only the great cities that need civic en-

thusiasm; it is our rural towns as well, for in the rural regions life often stagnates. I have found greater problems in the small villages of New England than I ever found during ten years' residence in the metropolitan district of New York City. What we need everywhere is for every man to realize that he is a partner with the state. What are you business men here tonight,—if I may talk directly with you for a moment,—what are you in business for? I have heard men say: 'I am not in business for my health; I am in business to make my little pile as quickly as I can and retire.' What if your minister should say that he was in the business of preaching for the same object? You would never care to listen to him again on Sunday morning. What if your doctor should say that his only interest in his practice was for the fees that he got out of it? You would say, 'I don't wish him to attend again my wife and children.' What if the soldier should say that his only interest in enlisting in the army was his monthly wage? You would say, 'Strip off that uniform; he is no fit soldier to defend his country.' What if your school teacher should say all he cared about education was to get his salary and to do as little teaching as he could? You would say: 'Leave the schoolroom; that is not the type of man we want to have as guide for our children.'

When at dead of night the fire bells ring you expect the firemen to risk their lives, with no thought of the wages that they will receive, in order to save the goods behind the counters in your stores. Why do you expect the firemen to be moved by any higher principle than the man who sells the goods behind the counter? You demand that the teacher shall teach the school from faith in education and love of the children. Do you allow the contractor who builds the school house to build it simply in order to put money in his purse?

The time is coming when you will demand of the builder of the school house, and of the man who sells goods behind the counter, and of every man who works in the mills and the factories, the same standard which you now impose upon the soldier and the doctor and the teacher and the minister. We are coming to see that every legitimate occupation is a kind of social service, and if a man is not serving the social order, has no right to be in it. The aim of the true baker is to feed the hungry; the aim of the real clothier is to clothe the naked; the aim of the real doctor is to heal the sick. If these men do it well, they will have some financial reward,—and they deserve it,—but they do not do it for the reward. The man who does it only for the individual reward is against the public weal, he is not worthy to be named a citizen in the highest sense. But a real citizen, a soldier of the common good, whether he works behind the counter, or in the fire station, or in the mill, or the lawyer's office, works as the giver of social service, striving to make the world a finer and better place to live in.

It is good to say such a thing on Sunday night, but it is a good deal better to try to live it on Monday morning (applause.) I have an easier task in saying it, than you will have in living it in the years to follow.

I need not tell you the way in which some contractors treated the state of Pennsylvania when the capital at Harrisburg was erected. Some of them are behind prison bars today. In America men have sometimes said the state is for what they can get out of it, rather than what they can put into it. The contribution we can make to the state may not be the erection of some great public building, it may not be the opening of a public library; it may be a nobler ideal of manhood, a more unselfish type of service, a more unswerving devotion to the common weal. To make that contribution is to be a patriot.

I sometimes say to my students in college, that what we need is to go back to the example of the ancient Greeks and the Hebrews. You will remember that everyone of the Old Testament prophets was primarily a patriot. Moses stood before the Lord at Sinai and said, 'If thou wilt not save this people, I pray you blot me out of thy book.' No one of the prophets of Israel thought of saving himself, apart from the saving of the nation to which he belonged. And so it was with the philosophers of ancient Greece. Do you remember the oath of the Ephebi, which Mayor Gaynor has recommended to the children in the public schools of New York city? When the Athenian youth had come of age, he was brought before the magistrates of the "city of the violet crown," and he took in their presence this oath,— 'I will not tarnish my sacred arms; I will not desert my fellow soldiers by whose side I may be set in battle; I will reverently obey the laws and the judges who enforce them; I will leave my country greater and not less than when she was committed to my keeping; I will not forsake the temples where my fathers worshipped; of these things the gods are my witnesses.'

Do you call that paganism? If it is, then we need a little more paganism in America. I call it the fine union of religion and devotion to the Commonwealth. I would that every boy or girl here tonight might, at some time during this festival be asked to promise,—'I will leave my town greater and not less than when committed to my keeping.'

And now let me speak with you of the third element that I said was included in true patriotism, and that is *education*. All our country today is swept by a great discussion as to what we call "vocational training." Everywhere people are asking, 'Shall we change our schools, so that their chief aim shall be

to give some special training for the tasks of modern life?' I am not going into the details of that great question tonight. But I want to say this, that after all the great purpose of the school is not to prepare our boys and girls for a job, but to prepare them for a life. While I believe in articulating the schools very closely with modern occupations, while I believe in making our education as practical as we can, I also hold that the great aim is character rather than knowledge; is to make a type of citizen rather than a kind of workman; is largeness of comprehension and steadiness of aim, rather than the acquirement of technical skill.

I hope, therefore, that while we make our schools in some respects really vocational, we shall remember that the chief aim is not to make "hands" in our mills and stores, but to make citizens worthy of the Commonwealth. We seek the inculcation of habits and methods and ideals. When a boy goes to the blackboard to solve a problem in arithmetic or algebra, he may show that he has the four cardinal virtues, or he may show he is possessed of the seven deadly sins. It is a matter of character rather than of memory. When we ask a pupil to translate a sentence from some other language into English, at once the type of character is manifested. One kind of pupil looks for help from some other pupil; he is afraid, when he faces the unseen and unknown. There is another kind of pupil self-reliant and courageous, that dares to face the unknown whether it be a problem in arithmetic, a question in history, or the translation of a German sentence into English. The real question about your students is not how much they can remember but what sort of personality they possess; and if in and through our public and private schools we can give our growing young people sturdiness of character and steadiness of aim and earnestness of purpose, after all we have

given them the chief equipment for life. If we have given them ideals by which to live, and if need be to die, we have given them the greatest gift that church and school can impart.

Thomas Stephenson built many lighthouses along the coast of England that tonight are sending out radiance over the channel, but we owe far more to his son, Robert Louis Stephenson, because he taught us how to live courageously and serenely in the face of danger and trouble. When Tennyson wrote "Crossing the Bar" he did more for England than if he had built the finest possible harbor for shipping. The teachers in your public schools, and the ministers in your churches are doing as much for your towns as the men who may build things that we can see and touch. They give our life its tone and quality, and teach the people what things are really worth while.

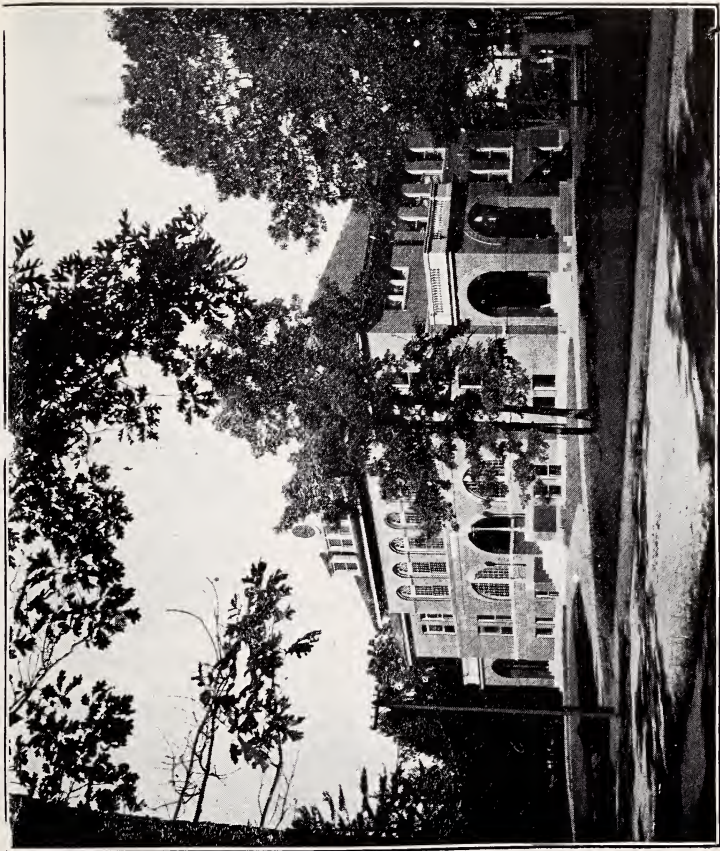
I have told my students many a time of the utterance of Theodore Roosevelt when he was Police Commissioner in the city of New York. He read for the first time Jacob Riis's book called "How the Other Half Lives," and he wanted to meet the writer. He went down to the lower part of Manhattan and climbed the winding stair and knocked at the door. There was no one there, so Mr. Roosevelt took out his card and wrote upon it,— 'Have read your book and came to help. Theodore Roosevelt.' I would like to propose that as a motto for every man who has been educated in the schools, public or private, in this Commonwealth: 'We have read the books—the history—the literature—the science—and now we come forth to help.'

I would propose that as a motto for all who may join in the exercises of this week. 'We have seen the banners; we have heard the speakers; we have listened to the martial music; and now we go forth to help our community to realize its own vision.' I give you greet-

ing tonight on this your festival, and wish that from now until it is over it may be an inspiring, uplifting and summoning occasion." (Great applause.)

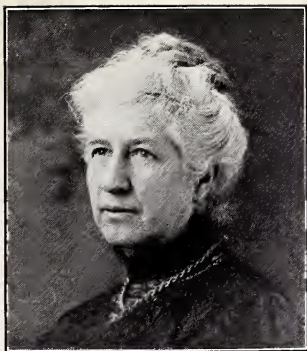
Selection by the quartet, "Still with Thee."

Benediction by Rev. Mr. Waldron.



HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

HISTORICAL LOAN ART EXHIBIT



CAROLINE G. MILLS



ISABELLE MILLER



EMMA L. SMITH



LOUISE TWIGG



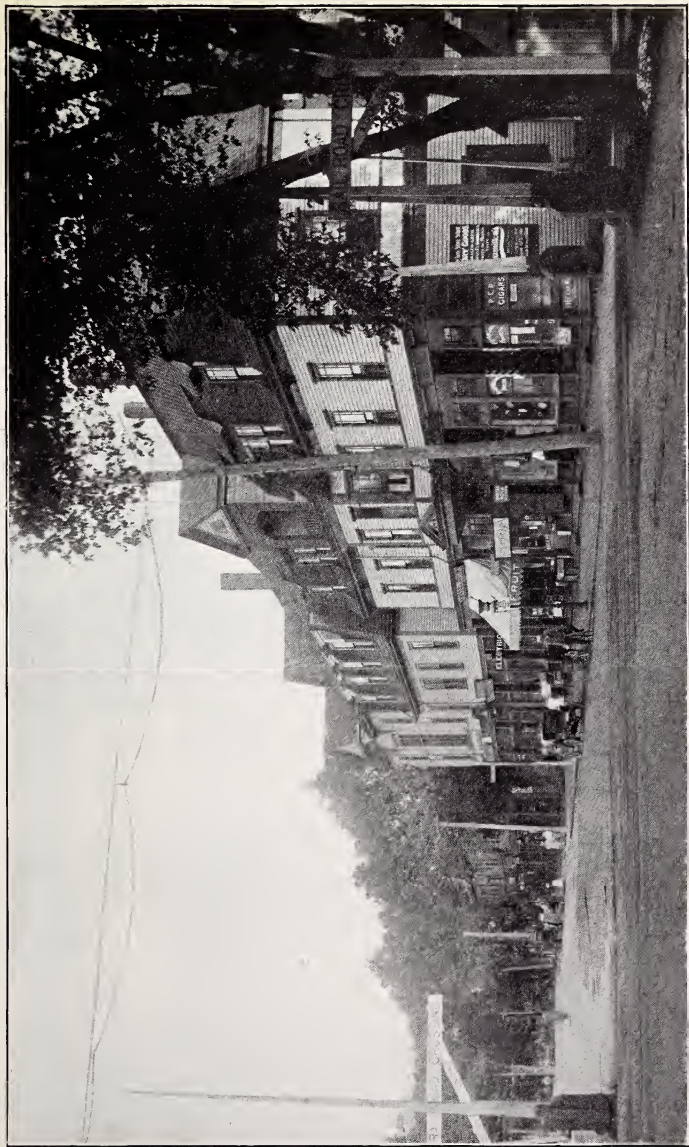
ELIZABETH WILLGOOSE

HISTORICAL LOAN ART EXHIBIT

At a meeting of the *New Century Club* held May 3rd, 1911, a committee of five, viz., Emma L. Smith, Isabelle Miller, Louise Twigg, Caroline G. Mills and Elizabeth Willgoose were appointed to assist the Town Committee in preparing for the celebration of the Bicentennial of Needham. This committee was asked to take entire charge of an Historical Loan Art Exhibit which the Town Committee proposed to hold in the High School Hall.

After meeting and organizing, we divided the town into sections, and each member of the committee canvassed given territory. The articles promised did not at first seem to number very many, but when the time came for collecting we found we had gathered a very interesting and valuable collection. The exhibit was opened Sunday P. M., September 17th, and closed Tuesday evening, during which time over 1300 names were registered, which showed that Needham people appreciated historic subjects. We unearthed so many articles that if another like exhibit were to be held, it would require the Town Hall to accommodate it. Some of the many interesting articles exhibited were manuscripts, samplers, war weapons, musical instruments, ancient dolls, cut glass, silver and pewter ware, grease lamps and different kinds of lanterns, candlesticks, warming pans, foot stoves, spinning wheels, reels, great





A SECTION OF THE BUSINESS DISTRICT AT NEEDHAM — Great Plain Avenue, Looking East



THE ATHLETIC EVENTS



ATHLETIC EVENTS

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1911

Monday, September 18th, was an ideal day for the athletics. The temperature was 80 degrees and the atmosphere perfectly clear. Such conditions were conducive to especially fine performances.

The first event was the mile run which took place in the morning at 9 A. M. There were fourteen entrees. The winners were:—

- 1st. James I. Dallachie
 - 2nd. Denny Sullivan
 - 3rd. Clinton Cook
- Time, 4.56 4-5

Second Event. Baseball Game, 10 A. M. Needham Y. M. C. A. vs. Swampscott A. C. This provided an exciting contest and was won by the Swampscott A. C.

In the afternoon starting at 1.30 were the following events—

100 yard dash, handicap, won by —

- 1st. Frank J. Stanwood
 - 2nd. Owen Webb
 - 3rd. Thomas Moorehead
- Time, 10 3-5 seconds.

75 yard dash for boys under 15—

- 1st. Paul Nickerson
- 2nd. Gordon Brownville
- 3rd. Charles Crowley

Running High Jump—

- 1st. Charles D. Burrage, Jr.
 - 2nd. Lucien Burnham
 - 3rd. Daniel L. Falvey
- Height 5 feet, 5 inches

Shot Put—12 pound—

- 1st. Frank C. Peabody
 - 2nd. Irving Ross Stanwood
 - 3rd. Daniel L. Falvey
- Distance, 44 feet, 6 inches

Running Broad Jump—

- 1st. John Moorehead
 - 2nd. Bayard S. Foye
 - 3rd. Irving Ross Stanwood
- Distance, 21 feet, 8 inches

220 yard Dash—

- 1st. Owen Webb
 - 2nd. Lewis W. Hasenfus
 - 3rd. Chester Mills
- Time, 24 1-5 seconds

75 yard Girls' Race, under 15—

- 1st. Grayce Mitchell
- 2nd. Muriel Kennedy
- 3rd. Audrey Norton

75 yard Sack Race—

- 1st. Wallace G. Rae
- 2nd. Rodney S. Adams
- 3rd. William T. Wilson

THE ATHLETIC EVENTS

440 yard Run—

- 1st. William J. Gaughan
- 2nd. Lewis W. Hasenfus
- 3rd. Leslie Allen
- Time, 54 seconds

35 yard Potato Race—

- 1st. Frank J. Stanwood
- 2nd. William T. Wilson
- 3rd. Wallace G. Rae

220 yard Run—

- 1st. Robert H. Burrage
- 2nd. George Hasenfus
- 3rd. Charles D. Burrage, Jr.
- Time, 2 minutes, 9 1-5 seconds

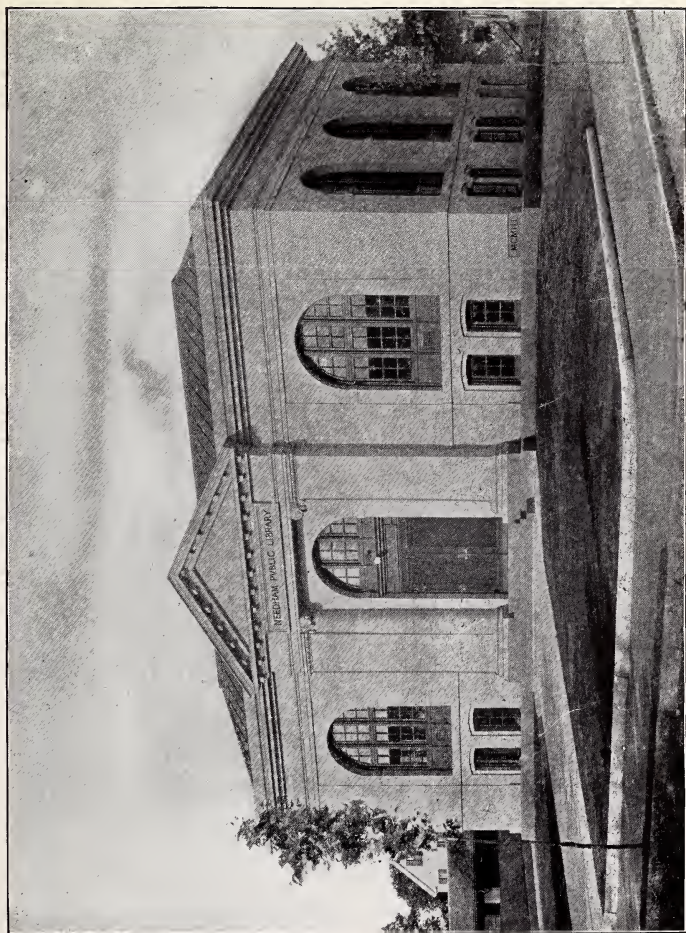
The following officials ably conducted the athletic events:

Referee, William W. Peck; *Judges*, W. G. Rae, John F. Gilfoil, Francis J. Stanwood; *Clerks of Course*, Henry Lawrence, Bayard S. Foye, Oscar H. Starkweather; *Starter*, Reginald C. Foster; *Timers*, Armand J. Mathey, Rodney S. Adams, William H. Wye, Jr.; *Announcer*, Daniel L. Falvey; *Handicappers*, Ralph G. Adams, Wallace G. Rae, Frederick S. Kingsbury.

The prizes for each of these events were—

- For 1st., solid gold medal
- For 2nd., silver medal
- For 3rd., bronze medal

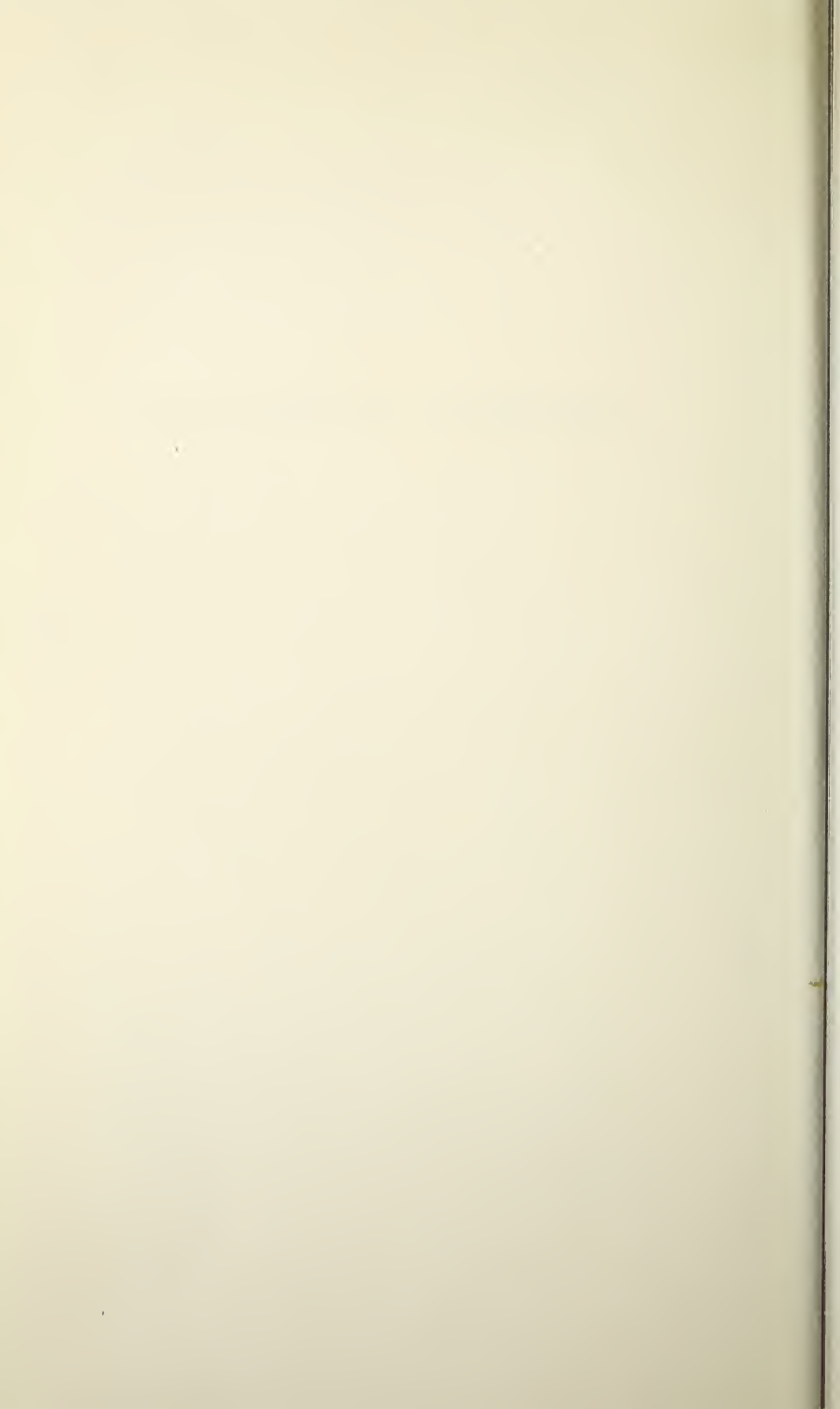




NEEDHAM PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING
NEEDHAM HEIGHTS

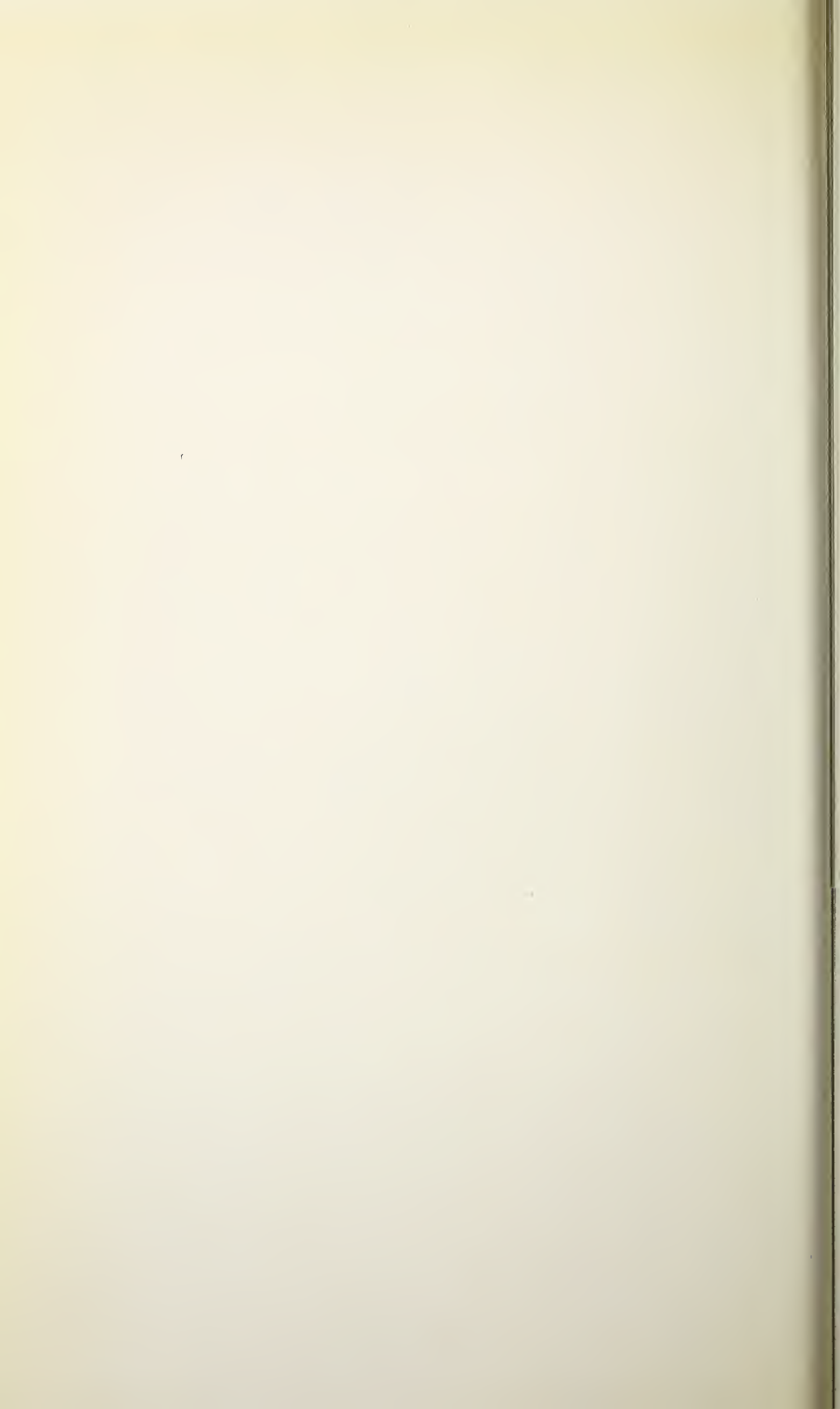


CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT





THE OFFICIAL MEDAL



CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

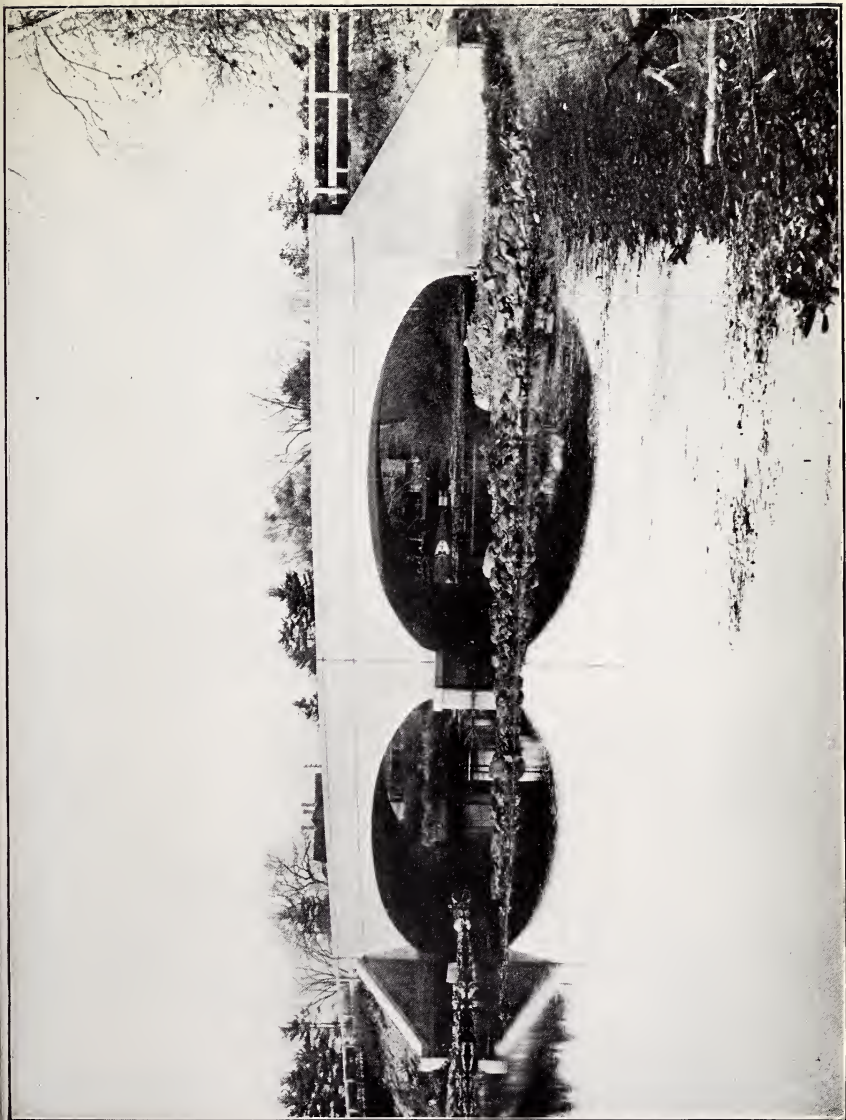
Not the least interesting feature in Needham's Bicentennial celebration was the entertainment for children in Needham Town hall at 9.30 A. M., Monday, September 18th.

Several hundred "Little Tots" with a fair sprinkling of older children and adults, assembled before the opening hour and practically filled the seats on the main floor of the hall and in the balcony. If not "over critical," the audience was certainly "appreciative" and vigorously and noisily applauded the efforts of the entertainers.

The entertainment comprised a "Punch and Judy" show, selections by humorists, sleight of hand performance and vocal and instrumental music by performers from the *Eaton Entertainment Bureau of Boston*. The various acts were credibly performed and the entertainment as a whole was deserving of praise. The performance concluded at about 11.45 A. M.

Each child was presented with one of medals cast especially for this occasion,—the boys receiving theirs in the form of a watch charm, and the girls theirs, hung from a ribbon.

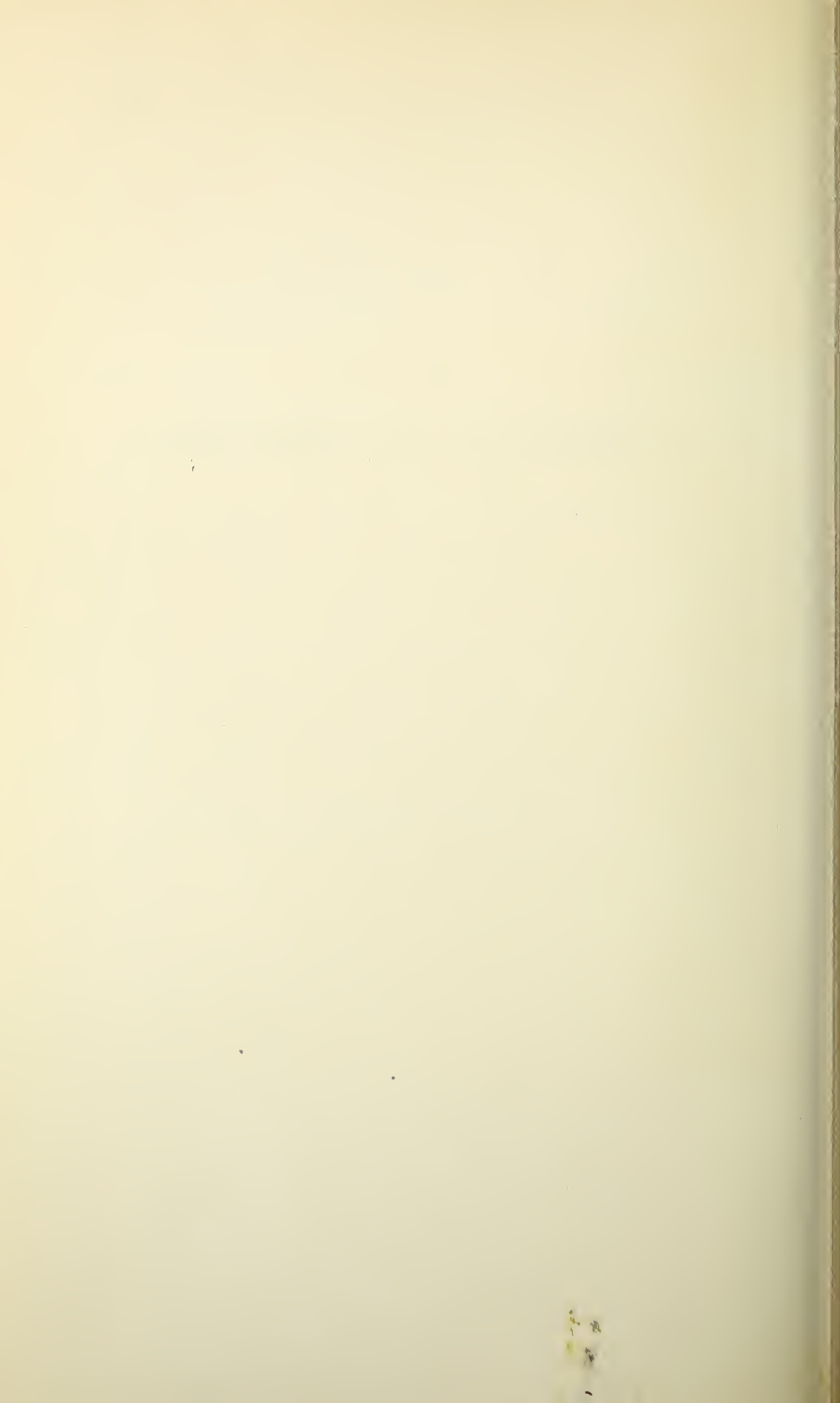




NEW DEDHAM AVENUE BRIDGE
(Modern Concrete Construction — Opened for travel May 10, 1910)



EXERCISES IN THE TOWN HALL



BICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE TOWN OF NEEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

MONDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 18, 1911

The literary exercises of the evening were preceded by a short concert given by the *Needham Military Band*, and also by the presentation of prizes to the winners of the athletic events of the day. These were awarded by W. G. Moseley, Esq., the chairman and presiding officer of the occasion. Following this interesting function a male chorus under the direction of Fred S. Birchard rendered "To Thee O Country," by Eichberg.

THE CHAIRMAN. "A person leaving Massachusetts and starting West when he reaches a stopping point is very apt to register as being from Boston. The farther south he goes, or west, he soon finds that all that it is necessary for him to put on the register is Massachusetts.

Massachusetts has occupied a very prominent part in the history of the United States. It has that position by reason of its many noted men, and Norfolk County has numbered among its residents numerous families who had a great share in the making of the history of this country. I think there is no more notable family than the one represented by our speaker tonight, and I take great pleasure in introducing to you as the first speaker this evening, the Hon. Charles Francis Adams" [great applause].



ADDRESS OF CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

“Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: I want, in the first place, to give some expression to the feeling of embarrassment I am this evening conscious of. Indeed, within the last half hour the question has constantly been in my mind—‘Why am I here at all?’—for I feel much as a stranger feels who, introduced suddenly into a family gathering, is then called upon to take the principal part therein. By way of explanation, perhaps, the gentleman who has just introduced me spoke of Norfolk County, intimating at least a county bond of fellowship between us. Now, it does so chance that in my own person, or vicariously, I had lived, so to speak, here in Norfolk ever since Norfolk was created; but, some twenty years ago, one day transferred myself to Middlesex; I cannot, therefore, figure here as a neighbor in the same county even.

It only remains, therefore, to assume that I am present on this occasion merely as one not altogether inexperienced in affairs of this sort, and, more especially, as having been for a number of years President of the Massachusetts Historical Society; for to appear, and be called upon, on celebrations like this of yours, is, I suppose, more peculiarly incumbent upon those who chance to be presidents of societies of that character.

The next question that suggests itself relates to the line of remark proper to be followed by one called

upon under such circumstances. When, some weeks ago, invited by your committee to take part in your approaching celebration, I agreed to do so in neighborly, informal fashion; but I distinctly declined to undertake the preparation of anything elaborate, or what would involve research. Knowing nothing of your local history, never before have I tarried in this, your town of Needham. I have often, of course, been in Dedham, the county seat, and in Wellesley, the home of my very dear friend, the late H. H. Hunnewell, — in fact, I have been in all the neighboring towns for one purpose or another; but I have never more than simply passed through Needham, without alighting in it. I am, therefore, very much of a stranger in your midst.

I have, however, on more than one occasion officiated, and even taken the principal part, in centennial celebrations; and so doing has led me to consider some distinctive features of those affairs, and upon those features I propose this evening more especially to dwell.

In doing so I have got to deal largely in generalities, and I shall moreover make free use of old material of my own. To me, it will be somewhat of a twice-told tale; but you at least have not heard it before. If at times you find it a bit dull, or even commonplace, you must bear in mind that you have brought it on yourselves; I did not undertake this task, and find myself in an unexpected position.

In order the more effectively to begin on what I propose to say, I shall refer to an experience several years ago, which caused me carefully to reflect on the principal object of these celebrations, and how best to conduct them. The experience referred to was in connection with the town of Quincy,—the town in this, your County of Norfolk, where I and my people before

me had been bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh for more than two hundred and fifty years.

It happened thus: nearly twenty years ago,—in 1892, I think,—they had a centennial celebration there,—an occasion very similar to that you are observing now. The program of the day was to be arranged, and, in arranging it, it was understood that the preparation of the usual address, as it is called,—historical in character—would devolve on me. Not relishing the task, I discussed the matter with a friend of mine, now dead,—he then in his own person representing a name associated with Quincy since its beginning. For years he had been with me a stand-by in town meetings; and now, in the course of talk, I referred to an address as one established feature of a commemoration, telling him frankly that I was tired of such, and, in my judgment, the day of such performances was over; that we had, in fact, been deluged with them, especially since what might well enough be described as the Epoch of Revolutionary Centennials,—then more fresh in recollection than now. The not unnatural result had followed, and, as we all know from our individual experiences, we turned with a sense of weariness, if not indeed of surfeit and even mental nausea, from those columns of the daily paper, headed with the announcement that yet one more commemoration had been observed in the customary way with an address, or an oration. These performances, whether rhetorical or historical, or both, had, I then went on to argue, at one time served their purpose, and, in its day, a useful purpose; for in them was recorded much of historical interest and even value that otherwise might not have been preserved. But this was before the days of historical societies and town histories; and the oration or address has now become a medium by means of which a quantity of eloquence

or sentiment, of small present and, so far as my observation went, of no future value, was forced on the jaded eye and ear of an inattentive public,—forgotten as soon as uttered; and their yellowing pages even the future local antiquarian was not likely to disturb; for, as Hallam, the English historian observed, with a warmth of language in his case not customary, in these respects ‘our Public Libraries are cemeteries of departed reputations; and the dust which accumulates on their unopened volumes speaks not less forcibly than the grass which waves over the ruins of Babylon.’

And I further then went on to tell my friend, ‘Almost every period has some favorite mode of expression,—in Massachusetts we once, and for a century and a half, had an era of sermons and pulpit discourses, and it industriously stored up a vast literature of that description, the present dreariness of which is inexpressible; ours,’—for this was about the year 1890,—‘has been the century of orations and secular addresses,—the Ciceronian period of America; and so, during it, rhetoric and eloquence, much too often of the tinsel, academic sort, were made to serve the purpose which logic and theological fervor had previously served.’ And, finally, I expressed the belief that the student of the twentieth century would hold this form of expression of our time in not much greater value than we held the sermons and occasional discourses of our fathers. But we too will have seen ourselves in print!

As I argued thus, the friend to whom I have referred refused to accept my conclusions, replying that in his judgment it was inexpedient on occasions like that then in view, or like this of yours, to dispense with the time-honored feature of an address. He not inaptly compared it to the planting of a milestone, marking for all future time some point which a community had reached in its endless journey. Here we pause

for a moment; and, resting from the march, we cast a glance backward over the road by which we have come, as well as forward over that we are yet to traverse. At such a time, he went on, we are, or ought to be, a world unto ourselves; 'Why, then, trouble our minds about other people or about posterity, wondering whether others are now observing us, or whether posterity will bear in memory what is here to-day taking place?—it is enough that we—a community by ourselves, having both name and habitation of our own—have got thus far in our progress, and, laying aside our burden for this day, we pile up the stones which in the future shall serve as a memorial that here we rested as we passed a milepost.' Then he referred to other days, reminding me of similar milestones planted in bygone times by the hands of those since dead; and, as he enumerated these, I had to admit there was point and force in what he urged. In the case of Quincy, first was the milestone, then more than a century and a half old, which we owed to the Rev. John Hancock, father of the famous patriot of that name and once (1726-1744) pastor of the North Precinct Church of Braintree,—a milestone which had come down to us in the form of two sermons delivered by him to his people, then gathered on Sunday, the 26th of September, 1739 (N.S.) within the walls of the old Braintree meeting house. After the delivery of which discourses, the ancient records say that, 'Being the Lord's day, the First Church of Braintree, both males and females, solemnly renewed the covenant of their fathers immediately before the participation of the Lord's Supper.' The century of church life was complete, and a fitting memorial of it provided,—a memorial which, though little noticed by the great outer world, then or since, some, my friend urged, would be sorry not to have.

Influenced, I will freely admit, by these arguments and illustrations, I subsequently prepared and delivered

the address on the occasion in question,—I helped plant another milestone. 'All things come to him who waits,' and so, amid present indifference, my appeal then was to the next century, even to a century later than the twentieth. So now, in your own case, this town will presently celebrate its three hundredth anniversary; indeed, it is just as certain that Needham either by itself or as part of some larger municipality, will be here and will celebrate in 2011 as it is that not one of us will be here then. And why may it not well be that in the year 2111, above our very gravestones crumbling, those dwelling here may again rest for a space as they come to the four hundredth milestone, and in doing so hunt up the record of this very day, now drawing to its close, just as twenty years ago I at Quincy hunted up the sermons of the Rev. John Hancock, dwelling for the moment with curiosity and deepest interest on that memorial of a remote past,—clasping hands, so to speak, across two centuries.

Yet while, in face of this presentation I then at Quincy withdrew my objections to a formal oration or historical address, I could not fail to reflect on what was appropriate to such occasions; nor can I now but revert in memory to an experience I at a later day had, when a distinguished gentleman from a distant State, invited to deliver an address on the centennial of a certain town in a neighboring county, instead of dilating on that which had an application to the family he was addressing, or was appropriate to that place and such an occasion, somewhat surprised, and I am obliged to say, a little fatigued us, by a long and to a certain degree, interesting discourse upon some historical event which had, considerably over a century before, been connected with the development of a portion of the mighty West—the Ordinance of 1787, I think it was. Indisputably good in its way, what he said certainly did not concern

the particular community then observing its natal festival—its peculiar day of fete. That experience it behooves me to bear freshly in mind to-night.

But, let me now again premise and distinctly repeat, I am not here to instruct you this evening on your local history; that is a subject with which I profess no familiarity. Moreover, did I attempt so doing I would be trespassing on the province of the gentleman who is to follow me. I shall dwell, therefore, as I have already told you, largely on generalities; and, to illustrate what I mean by generalities, I will begin by going far back.

You have heard, possibly, of that advocate who in a court of law began his argument with a reference to Adam and the garden of Eden, and was met with a despairing appeal from the Court to begin at least with the deluge. But I propose to go back beyond the deluge,—back even of Adam and Eden—far beyond both. They, in comparison, are of yesterday. The late Dr. Holmes was once asked by an anxious mother at what age the education of a child should begin; with that incisive wit always characteristic of him, the genial Autocrat replied, 'Madam, it should begin about a hundred and fifty years before it is born.'

There is much truth in that; and it has a special application to our New England towns. I propose to apply it on this two hundredth anniversary. When did the education, so to speak, of Needham begin? When was its future destiny fixed for it? You will possibly be surprised when I tell you it began as near as can be ascertained about eight thousand years ago. In other words, there is a feature connected with these celebrations to which my attention has twice been called, though, so far as I am aware, no one but myself has ever in these connections drawn attention to it; yet it is a thing which most vitally effects the whole

present life of the place. How many in this audience,—intelligent, school-taught, lecture-going, browsers among the books of your Public Library,—how many, I say, of those here realize that in the case of your Needham of to-day, its products, its industries, the lines on which it has developed, and its modes of life, were all pre-destined? In other words, its future of to-day,—your present,—was fixed for it by events and processes slowly occurring during uncounted ages prior to the first records of the human race; but processes and events which, with a little observation and study, we can still approximately trace. They are inscribed largely and legibly on the face of the land, in its hills and valleys, rocks and soil, have we only patience to read the language and signs in which they are written. But let me find an illustration of what I mean in my own case,—the town in which I live, the place on which I dwell. Lincoln, in Middlesex county, is some twenty miles only from here. In the case of Lincoln, as in the case of Needham, the past divides itself into two portions,—the pre-historic, and the historic; and the historic is a mere fringe on the garment of which the pre-historic constitutes immeasurably the more considerable portion. Our records in Lincoln, yours here in Needham, our most remote traditions even, are but of yesterday. Ours, there, go back to 1744, a couple of centuries possibly at most, covering the lives of perhaps six generations of children of the soil. In the case of Needham, as in the case of Lincoln, behind that stretches a vast unknown,—a veritable time-Sahara. To the historian, properly speaking, that time-Sahara will remain forever a sealed book; but the geologist has to a degree explored it. It stretches back to that remote Ice Age which gave to Massachusetts, as a geographical expression, the character it bears to-day. Then was dictated in advance for each locality what should be

the products of its soil, the vocations of its people, the lines of its thoroughfares, the phases of its development. So and then, commerce was decreed to Boston; a manufacturing industry for Lowell and Lawrence; agriculture for the valleys of the Connecticut and of the Concord. And, needless to add, if you here in Needham went intelligently back in your investigations, you would find in these peculiarities of the soil, drainage and climate the reason for the industries which have here grown up. In your homes, in your vocations, and in your goings to and fro in the field and the pasture, in locating a way or a mill, in choosing a site for a house, you do but follow the lines laid down for you in advance, whether the lines of least resistance, or those of beauty and of grace,—lines laid down for us here in New England long before the legend of Eden assumed shape in the minds and imaginations of the children of Israel.

Formerly this was not so. In the times of our fathers the scientific study of the earth, and of the physical changes it has undergone was undreamed of. The first chapter of the book of Genesis disposed of all that, and disposed of it summarily and finally. It was all delightfully simple. The earth was six thousand years old; it was created in six days, it and all its animal life, including, of course, mankind; and all, whether animate or inanimate, practically in the form in which we now know it. To question this legend was impious. The deluge of Noah was accepted as an historic fact. On the other hand, the actual occurrence of an ice age was a thing not yet dreamed of, even by the most advanced and skeptical of scientists.

Formerly, the great ice age which gave shape to all this region, including your town of Needham, was supposed to have occurred hundreds of thousands of years ago. Become wiser now as the result of closer

and more accurate observation, we know that, however long this ice age may have endured, it passed away and the earth hereabouts assumed its present shape at a comparatively recent date, some 8000 years ago perhaps. Prior to that, instead of being some ten or a dozen miles from the ocean, Needham was probably fifty miles from it, while its altitude above the sea was more than twice what it now is. Boston was then forty miles inland, and a large river with its affluents, predecessor of the Merrimac, drained the country hereabouts. Flowing down from the New Hampshire hills, it found an outlet, it is surmised, not where the Merrimac now empties itself, but through this, the town of Needham, and down the valley of the Charles. Then came the ice age, and during centuries unnumbered, New England was what northern Greenland and the region about the pole now is,—one unbroken area of frozen matter, its surface dotted by boulders, moving towards the southeast in silent, pitiless march. This indescribable desolation was, it is supposed, a mile or more in solid depth, overtopping the summits of your hills by several thousand feet. When all this region, the crest of Mt. Washington even, was submerged by this sea of ice, Needham lay here, crushed and mute under a superincumbent burden of to us inconceivable thickness and weight. Gradually, after a lapse of years concerning which we cannot even form an estimate, from causes which will probably never be ascertained, climatic changes came about, and the ice sheet began to melt away. Its frontier, at the period of greatest development, had been some forty miles east of Nantucket and south of Cape Cod, some 100 to 130 miles from Needham. Then as fold by fold it receded, wasting away under altered climatic influences, the continent beneath it emerged, assuming as it did so a wholly new contour.

I have said that the final emergence of the New England we know may have occurred at a comparatively recent period—not more than 8000 years ago. Yet in comparison with 8000 years how wretchedly small a few scant centuries of municipal life appear,—a fringe scarce bordering a garment of unmeasured size. When the emergence took place, the water sheds, because of the sheer weight imposed by the ice upon the crust of the earth, were no longer as they had been before, the brooks and streams finding new channels and outlets. The interior had become the seaboard, and the old seaboard marked the edge of what are known as deep-sea soundings, some fifty miles beyond our present coast. In the further interior the contour of the continent had undergone a total change. The former surface had been ground down or scraped away, the hills had been denuded, the valleys filled up. Almost everything had been displaced. When not gouged away, the soil had been bodily lifted up and carried into remote regions—the counties of Barnstable and Plymouth, or perhaps, borne still further on, had literally been emptied into the sea.

I am not sufficiently familiar with the region hereabouts to venture even a surmise as to its former aspect or the reason of its present conditions. I can, however, find an illustration in my own case which could probably be duplicated in any of the sister towns. In Lincoln the house in which I live faces a lake into which and from which flows a river, the Sudbury,—one of the two streams which lower down become known as the Concord, and as such meanders into the Merrimac. The sheet of water before my windows is known as Fairhaven Bay. I live, in fact, at the bottom of what was once a glacial lake of very considerable size, Fairhaven Bay being the last residuum of what was left when the barriers dissolved and the glacial lake

drained away. All this can be read, and I have daily occasion to study it, in every feature of the property on which I dwell. The soil reflects its origin; it is little but sand and marl, with here and there a boulder. It is filled with kames and hollows,—askers and sand-plains, as the geologists term them,—indicating points where glacial rivers deposited their sediment, or the ice, melting away, left a cavity in the earth. The trees and products of the soil reflect their origin. With no true pasture land, there is hardly any accumulation of loam. The oak and the pine in all their varieties are indigenous. From the time the ice receded the uses to which that territory could be put were fore-ordained. To those uses it is put to-day.

Unquestionably it is the same with Needham as with Lincoln. Study your soil and the contour of your town, and you read your destiny. Yet until within the memory of those now living this, so closely identified with our daily being, was a study not conceived of as possible.

Passing on from that which is pre-historic,—from its vagueness, its immensity, and the well-nigh inconceivable duration and force of powers at work in it, to me in many respects far the more interesting of the two periods,—passing on, I say, from the pre-historic, we come to the historic, that of yesterday, in which Needham at last became known as such. For 8000 years or thereabouts the forest had covered the land, its sole occupants the wild man and its animal life. At last you appeared, and, in 1711, only two centuries back, the locality assumed the name by which you have since as a community been known.

On the 5th of November, 1711, the record tells us Needham, theretofore during almost a century part of Dedham, was incorporated as an independent political entity. But even 1711 takes us somewhat

far back—back into that period of human tradition lying far beyond the memory of even the oldest of inhabitants. This fact is very forcibly brought home to us when we here in the 20th century recall, or try to recall, the events and historic characters associated with that earlier portion of the 18th. Familiar perhaps as household words, they yet come to us as echoes more or less faint, and generally a good deal more so, from a very remote past. ‘Who lived then?—What occurred?’ In Europe, it was the age of Queen Anne in England, and Louis, fourteenth of that name, in France; it was the period of the wars of Marlborough,—the battle of Blenheim had been fought only seven years before Needham was incorporated; was less remote from the men of that period than San Juan Hill is from us. So far as the English tongue was concerned, Joseph Addison and Alexander Pope were the two great literary lights of the day; but, strange to say, the one book or name of that period which has come down to us as a veritable and indisputable household word is Robinson Crusoe. Daniel Defoe was fifty years old in 1711, and is now more alive to us than any event or name of Needham’s natal period; while Robinson Crusoe, coming into existence seven years later, in 1719, is now probably a familiar at every hearth-stone. But if we bear little of that time in memory, what little we do so bear is European. Our own history during the first half of the 17th century is a blank,—an absolute void. Who here, for instance, can give the name even of that Governor of provincial Massachusetts who affixed his signature to Needham’s act of incorporation,—much more, who could give any account of him? Were his name given, who could mention a single one of his contemporaries? It is a forgotten time; generations have passed out of mind. Indeed the very grave-stones in your burying ground, dating from that period, have crumbled away, or ceased to be legible.

Nor, indeed, is this in any way surprising; much less does it constitute ground for reproach. The memory of that period, and, for that matter, of the first half of the eighteenth century, has been obliterated, first, by the succeeding period of greater historic interest connected with what is known as our Revolutionary troubles, and, next, by the period when Massachusetts, become a Commonwealth, as one of a sisterhood of states took part in the War of Secession. What is known, therefore, as the provincial period of Massachusetts,—that is the period from 1684, when the first charter was vacated, to 1780, when the present constitution was adopted, is a period of slow growth, distinctly lacking in everything which goes to the making of historical interest. A century of small things and small issues, the succession of men who then, by appointment from London, filled the office of Governor, has so entirely passed out of memory that, with the exceptions of Thomas Hutchinson and Major General Thomas Gage, not one could be named by the average Massachusetts inhabitant. In the case of Needham, a certain special interest does, however, as I have said, attach to Gov. Joseph Dudley, for his was the name affixed to your act of incorporation, passed in the ninth year of his administration. I propose consequently, for this reason, to exhume, as it were, Gov. Dudley, and say a few words concerning him. A son of old Thomas Dudley, who came over before Gov. Winthrop, and was in fact the first Governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony, Joseph Dudley, a graduate of Harvard, was in his day an accomplished provincial gentleman,—a man of ability and a man of note. In that one of the Legends of the Province House, entitled "Howe's Masquerade," Hawthorne has given us a description of him—brief, but graphic and to the point. As, in that tale, he came forward in the funeral procession of governors of New

England, descending the staircase of the Province House to King George's funeral dirge, Hawthorne describes him as a man with a 'thoughtful, anxious, and somewhat crafty expression of face; and in spite of his loftiness of manner, which was evidently the result of an ambitious spirit and of long continuance in high stations, he seemed not incapable of cringing to a greater than himself.' First and last Massachusetts has numbered considerably over sixty Governors, whether of colony, Province or Commonwealth, and Joseph Dudley occupied the chair of state longest of them all. When he died in 1720—the year of the famous South Sea Bubble—the *Boston News-Letter* referred to him as having been 'a singular honor to his country, and in many respects the glory of it; early its darling, always its ornament, and in his age its crown.' Since then, however, the historians of our own time have dealt somewhat harshly with him; the last, and best informed thus summing up the man:—"To judge Dudley's career by the accusations of his enemies would be manifestly unfair. To judge him in the light of the twentieth century, when the colonies have become independent, would be equally unfair. As has been said, his life fell in the middle period, when dependence on England was diminishing and independence was not yet possible. . . . Though his character was lacking in greatness, and his actions were often tainted by self-seeking, though his aims were those of an English official and his ideals opposed to those of his fellow-colonists, his long career proves him to have been capable as an administrator and efficient as a servant of the crown.'

Leaving him whose name is affixed to the parchment which converted Needham from being a Precinct into being a Town, and passing to other topics most usually dwelt upon on these occasions, I now want to

propound some queries. 'Why,' I would first like to ask, 'is it that such extreme prominence is in anniversary addresses almost invariably given to times and episodes connected with wars and military operations?' Take for instance your own case:—Needham boasts a corporate and continuous history of 200 years. This, as such things go, is a very respectable antiquity; and during that time its women have never heard an Indian's warwhoop, or seen the smoke of an enemy's camp-fire. In point of fact, no war or its operations, its successes or its reverses, since the death of him known in our annals as King Philip, has exercised any direct influence on Needham's history, or affected to any appreciable extent the town's development. King Philip met his death in 1676. In the War of Secession as in Queen Anne's War, in the French wars, and in the War of Independence, though in far less degree comparatively to population and resources in the War of Secession than in any one of the others named, Needham doubtless was called on for contributions in material, in money, and in men. But after those struggles, as during them, Needham's life moved on absolutely undisturbed in the even tenor of its wonted way,—quite unchanged. The same type of people lived in their customary manner, pursuing the established occupations; generations were born, went to school, were married and had offspring, grew old and died, as their fathers and mothers had done before them, as their sons and daughters were to do after them. A few of the younger men—possibly one in ten of the entire population—responded to the long-intervalled calls to arms; but of the great, far-away events in which those men took part only echoes reached the town; and yet what the town did in connection with those memorable but distant events becomes in every address and in every historical narrative the staple of the story. This,

I submit, is not as it should be. In fact, it has in it no local coloring at all.

Thus with Needham as with other Massachusetts towns, the expeditions and battles, whether of 1711, of 1775 or of 1861, and the sufferings and sacrifices incident thereto were not momentous factors of fate. We remember very freshly the conflicts and anxieties of the Civil War,—monuments commemorating those of the town who fell in it are seen on almost every training ground,—and most properly there seen; for, since 1865, we have waxed numerous and rich;—but, if the historical truth were uncovered, it would probably be found that the great, though wholly abortive, Quebec expedition of 1711—then very real, now sunk in absolute oblivion—came home to Needham closest and hardest of all those trials. Then it was that an expeditionary force of some 60 vessels, destined to carry 10,000 men, was assembled at Boston, and Governor Dudley by proclamation called on the selectmen of the towns to send in each day meat and vegetables sufficient for their sustenance. An issue of bills-of-credit,—the irredeemable paper money of the provincial period—was made; a levy of military efficients was ordered; a price was put on provisions; and the authorizing of a naval press-gang was seriously considered. Recourse to measures such as these, except in the matter of paper money, was never had during either the war of Independence or the Civil War. And four months later when the expedition, overwhelmed by disaster, returned in defeat, we read that ‘the consternation, as well as the disappointment, was extreme.’

And yet, all this to the contrary notwithstanding, as I view and interpret the record of the two centuries which have since elapsed, there has occurred in them, so far as Needham is concerned, but one very considerable event, far reaching, all pervading in its influence,—

but one event dividing by a line of demarcation—a line clear and unmistakable—the old from the new. The year 1834 was by this made memorable.

Happening on the 7th of July seventy-seven years ago, who among Needham's inhabitants now living remembers that occasion? Doubtless some such there are among your octogenarians; but I greatly question if one is here present. It so chances, however, that over the life-time of a generation ago I had occasion to look up the incidents of that day and to write an account of what took place. This I propose now to contribute to your celebration—a leaf, and an important one, in Needham's local history.

Throughout the year 1833 the railroad from Boston to Worcester had been in course of construction; and one day, in the latter part of March, 1834, the first locomotive ever used in Massachusetts was set in motion. The readers of the *Boston Daily Advertiser* were then advised that 'the rails are laid, from Boston to Newton, a distance of nine or ten miles, to which place it is proposed to run the passenger cars as soon as two locomotives shall be in readiness, so as to ensure regularity. One locomotive, called the *Meteor*, has been partially tried and will probably be in readiness in a few days; the second, called the *Rocket*, is waiting the arrival of the builder for subjecting it to a trial, and the third it is hoped will be ready by the first of May.' The last name locomotive, the *Rocket*, had been constructed in the shops of the Stephensons at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in England, and "the builder" whose arrival was thus anxiously looked for must have been an English mechanic specially sent out to superintend the putting of it in operation.

We are next told by an eye witness, who long afterwards put his recollections in writing, when the locomotive was 'placed upon the track, its driver, who

came with it from England, stepped upon the platform with almost the airs of a juggler or a professor of chemistry, placed his hand upon the lever, and with a slight move of it the engine started at a speed worthy of the companion of the rocket amid the shouts and cheers of the multitude. It gave me such a shock, that my hair seemed to start from the roots, rather than to stand on end.' This feat of legerdemain was performed in March; and, on the 15th of the following month, the first section of the Boston and Worcester railroad was opened, two trips being made each way between Boston and Newton. The regular passenger railroad service in Massachusetts dates, therefore, from that day.

By the end of the following June the road was finished as far as Needham, and on the 7th of July it was formally opened to that point; when 'the stockholders and a number of other gentlemen, to the number of about two hundred in all, by invitation of the directors, made an excursion to Needham, in eight passenger cars drawn by the new locomotive *Yankee*. . . . The excursion was pleasant, and the party appeared to enjoy the ride, and the beautiful scenery which is presented to view on different parts of the route.' The farther extension to Hopkinton was completed by September, and so on the 20th of that month another excursion, some two hundred in number, went out from Boston in seven of the company's largest passenger cars drawn by the locomotive *Yankee*, and duly celebrated the occasion. 'They started off' as the *Advertiser* of the following day stated, 'at a rapid and steady pace. The weather was unusually fine, and the sweetness of the atmosphere, the rapidity of the motion, and the beauty and novelty of the scenery which was successively presented to view, appeared to produce in all the party an agreeable exhilaration

of spirits.' At Framingham the excursionists were met by John Davis, then Governor of the Commonwealth, by ex-Governor Lincoln and other gentlemen from Worcester, who got upon the train and went with it to Hopkinton, where it arrived at half past three o'clock and was received with a salute of artillery, the cheers of the populace and an address from the village authorities; after which, under escort of a company of riflemen, the whole party went to Captain Stone's tavern, where a collation had been provided. 'While the party were at table the ladies were invited to take seats in the cars, and the military with their band of music to take a stand upon the tops of the cars, where they were formed in sections. In this manner they made an excursion of several miles down the road and back, which they appeared to enjoy highly. As they returned, the military on the tops of the cars approached the hotel with arms presented and music playing.'

While the wars to which I have referred, occurring periodically through a century and a half of your town's existence left no perceptible mark on it, the event just described inaugurated for Needham, as for its sister towns, a complete revolution in occupation, in education, in religion, in thought, and in daily and family life. That date, therefore, one hundred and twenty-three years from the incorporation, seventy-seven years ago, marks the dividing line between the Needham of the old Massachusetts provincial period, and the Needham as we see it to-day, and you know it.

And now to proceed with the queries I proposed to propound:—How long before July, 1834, I would like next to ask, had your first post-office been established? Quite an incident in your history, what facts have you preserved concerning it? How many pieces of mail-matter were at first handled in it?—What were its annual receipts prior to 1850? Late in

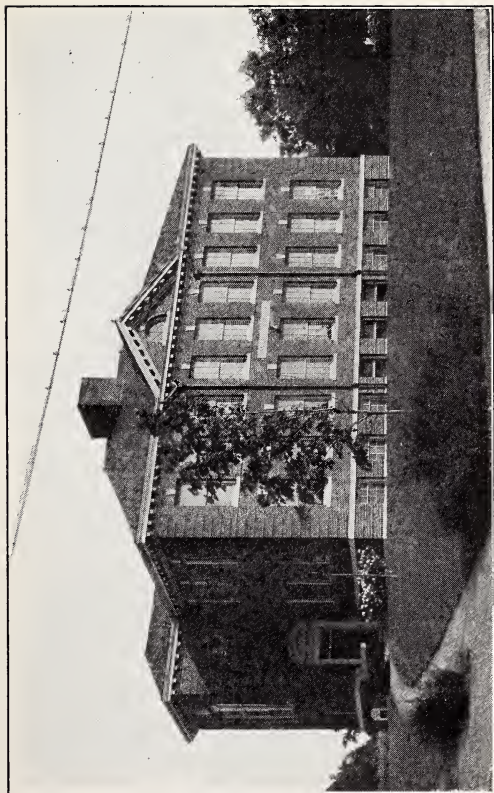
the eighteenth century,—that is, somewhere in the neighborhood of 1800,—stage coaches first put in their appearance in Massachusetts. They also were a considerable factor of change. What does any one here now know of the roads over which they ran or of the influence they in their time exerted? The daily newspaper is one of the great educational forces of modern times. To-day it contains items from all over the globe. But when did the daily newspaper first find its way generally to Needham? Not, I fancy, much if at all, before 1850. What was your annual town levy prior to 1850?—What was your appropriation for schools?—what for highways? What great industrial and economical crisis, affecting every phase of existence, has occurred in the history of the town? Not one person in this audience, I fancy could supply any thing approaching to a specific answer to one of these questions, nor are the facts anywhere readily accessible; and yet here, I submit, in these industrial, economical, social, religious, and educational phases is the true field of historical town study and local research. The present is always familiar and commonplace,—it was so a century ago; but it is the past which interests—the past of 1811, and yet more that of 1711, are, with us in New England, almost as much forgotten as the incidents of that geological period upon which I so long dwelt when I began. It is already lost to memory. Historically, it is of the nature of a geological stratum.

Of that forgotten yesterday of Needham, extending practically from the 18th of September, 1711, to the 7th of July, 1834,—a space of 117 years—that probably might be said which can be said of almost any sister Massachusetts town. 'We are always accustomed to regard the past as a better and purer time than the present; there is a vague, traditional simplicity and innocence hanging about it, almost Arcadian in

character.' Yet, somewhat a student of history, I can find no ground on which to base this pleasant fancy. Taken altogether, I do not believe that the morals of Needham or of her sister towns were on the average as good in the eighteenth century as they are in the twentieth. The people were sterner and graver, the law and the magistrate more severe; but human nature was the same, and would have vent. There was, I am inclined to think, more hypocrisy in those days than now; but I have seen nothing which has led me to believe that the women were more chaste, or that the men were more temperate, or that, in proportion to population, fewer or less degrading crimes were perpetrated. Certainly the earlier generations were as a race not so charitable as their descendants, and less of a spirit of kindly Christianity prevailed among them.

Let us for a moment, in a realistic mood, face the facts of that severe and somewhat unlovely period. And first, of morals. The early church records of Needham, I am advised, no longer exist; and, perhaps, it is well for the good names of not a few of your families that the fire of April 23, 1751, swept away the old Meeting-house, and with it the documents there stored. The records of the churches of many of your sister towns, however, still remain; and, of some of these, I have made historical use. Those who care so to do may familiarize themselves with my conclusions. So far as morality is concerned, the picture presented is not of a character which would lead us to covet for our sons and daughters a recurrence of that past.

Next, temperance:—As respects the *in*-temperance of that colonial period, I myself caught a youthful glimpse of its vanishing skirts. Distinctly do I recall the village tavern, with its bar-room and post-office accompaniment;—for in Quincy, in my youth, bar-room and post-office were one,—and, moreover, the village



NEW AVERY SCHOOL BUILDING (Brick)
NEEDHAM HEIGHTS



drunkards were as familiar to eye and tongue as the minister, the squire, or the doctor. I see them now seated in those wooden arm-chairs on the tavern porch, waiting to see the Plymouth stage drive up. The drunkard reeling home in broad daylight is an unknown spectacle now; then, he hardly excited passing notice.

Take religion next:—I submit in all confidence that the world has outgrown eighteenth century theology. It is a cast-off garment; and one never to be resumed. Bitter, narrow, uncharitable, intolerant, an insult to reason, the last thing it preached was peace on earth and good will among men. I have had occasion to examine into its utterances and to set forth its tenets. The record is there, and those curious on the subject may inform themselves from it. You would not sit in church to-day, and listen to what was then taught,—an angry, a revengeful, and an unforgiving God.

Schools:—Prior to 1850 the schools of Massachusetts were archaic, the primitive methods alone were in vogue; and not until after the mid-years of the nineteenth century was any attention at all paid either to scientific instruction, as we now understand it, or to the laws of sanitation. That "little red school house" of the earlier time, of which we hear so much, would, if reproduced to-day, be promptly closed by order of the Board of Education. Charity! the care of the insane! the treatment of the sick! In the annals of all our Massachusetts towns you will find entries like the following, taken from those of the town of Weymouth, here in your county of Norfolk:—"Voted, to sell the poor that are maintained by the town for this present year at a Vendue to the lowest bidder." Do you realize what that meant, and who were included in the 'poor that are maintained by the town?' It was the old-time substitute for the asylum, the alms-

house and the hospital. In those days the care of the demented was farmed out to him or her who would assume it at the lowest charge to the public. Even as late as 1843, and in the immediate neighborhood of Boston, naked maniacs could be confined in cages, or unlighted sheds, connected with the almshouse or abutting on the public way. Or take this other Weymouth record of August 28, 1783, exactly one year before my own ancestor, Rev. William Smith, was ordained the minister of the town:—'Voted by the Town to give Twenty pounds to any person who will take two of the children of the Widow Ruth Harvey (that is) the Eldest Daughter and one of the youngest daughters (a twin) and take care of them until they be eighteen years old.'

Twenty pounds in those days was \$66.60 of the money of our days; and that in old tenor bills! A public inducement to baby-farming is not now held out. And so I might go on to the close of the chapter, did time permit. But Macaulay has said it all before, and why now repeat in more prosaic terms the tale of ancient wrong? Rather let me close what I have to say on this topic with the following passage from his History: 'It is now the fashion to place the golden age in times when noblemen were destitute of comforts the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman; when farmers and shop-keepers breakfasted on loaves the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern work-house; when to have a clean shirt once a week was a privilege reserved for the higher class of gentry; when men died faster in the purest country air than they now die in the most pestilential lanes of our towns, and when men died faster in the lanes of our towns than they now die on the coast of Guiana. . . . There is scarcely a page of the history or lighter literature of the seventeenth century which does not

contain some proof that our ancestors were less human than their posterity. The discipline of work-shops, of schools, of private families, though not more efficient than at present, was infinitely harsher. Masters, well born and bred, were in the habit of beating their servants. Pedagogues knew of no way of imparting knowledge but by beating their pupils. Husbands, of decent station, were not afraid to beat their wives. . . . The more carefully we examine the history of the past, the more reason shall we find to dissent from those who imagine that the evils are, with scarcely an exception, old. That which is new is the intelligence which discerns, and the humanity which remedies them.'

And now, in closing, let me revert to the thought with which I began—the Centennial Milestone and the commemoration sermons of the Reverend John Hancock delivered in the North Precinct Meeting-house of Braintree, now Quincy, in 1740.

Mutato nomine de te
Fabula narratur;

A century ago, when already for a hundred years Needham had been set off from Dedham, a township by itself, the Reverend Stephen Palmer was its minister. A graduate of Harvard, in its class of 1789, ordained here in 1792, Mr. Palmer served acceptably as your pastor until 1821—nearly thirty years, including the first centennial of the town. How, or to what extent, that anniversary was then observed I do not know; I have not inquired. It is recorded that no less than twenty printed publications of Mr. Palmer have come down to us, sermons or addresses on special occasions. Among those occasional addresses not improbably there may exist one on Needham's First Centennial. If so, it should now be exhumed, and again

brought to light and life as a feature of this celebration for 1811 came about at a period when here the United States was trembling on the verge of a war with Great Britain, and in Europe Napoleon was preparing to embark on his fatal Russian venture. And now, think I pray you, how much it would have meant for you and, indeed, for us all, if at that time the Rev. Stephen Palmer, had bethought himself to do what would have been altogether possible;—if as the Rev. John Hancock set out to do in Braintree fifty years before, but, in doing, failed—he had delivered a centennial address in which, not dealing with questions of doctrine or indulging in flights of rhetoric, he had described exactly what the town of Needham then was. Of what great value and how intensely interesting that discourse and description would be today! Had he then spoken of the roads, had he spoken of the taverns, had he spoken of the schools, had he described the industries, the morals and the modes of life, what he then said would now for us be a priceless possession.

Then in closing, let me ask why you do not derive a lesson from the past, and, projecting yourself into the future, do for your posterity what was not done for you. This is the lesson I have to suggest for your celebration.

You are planting a milestone to-day; the milestone which marks the end of the second hundred years of the endless journey Needham will traverse. We think of the future as being like the present; so did they of 1811. I imagine, however, it is no exaggeration to say that during the next hundred years the changes which will take place will not be less epochal, not less pervasive, than the changes which have taken place during the hundred years now just ended.

When, therefore, men and women of Needham, your descendants and successors meet here a century

hence, the town which now exists, so familiar to your eyes, will be as remote and strange to them as the Needham of 1811 is to you. Why, therefore, not erect a permanent milestone,—the record of what is here today, so little of which will then remain?

That to-day and to-morrow, you should have the games and the festivities which have marked the occasion, is entirely proper, altogether as it should be; but should you not also leave behind you a permanent memorial of it?

Let me therefore, suggest, this enduring character. These are the days of the surveyor, the printing press and the kodak. Accordingly you have it in your power with little effort to collect in Needham material in great perfection, of vast future interest. Then as a part of this celebration, the memory of which in its details will speedily fade away,—why not have prepared a volume in which shall be incorporated not only the record of the town as it exists, but illustrations showing each locality and its edifices. Ten years hence it will be little regarded; twenty years hence it will increase in interest; fifty years hence it will be well-nigh priceless. Not that only, but in these days of the kodak there should be filed away in your public library pictures and illustrations of every locality in the town, as it now is and looks. A hundred years hence it will be altogether different. And therefore, remembering my interest in the town of Quincy twenty years ago, and the changes there since then taken place, I can only say here and now that if the gentleman who is to follow me—for my time has come to a close—if that gentleman, and those associated with him, will now as a part of this, your Two Hundredth Celebration, bring together that mass of material and illustration and topography I have described—a thing so easily done—and incorporate it in a permanent memorial, they will have

erected a Milestone marking the close of your Second Century which those who a hundred years hence shall meet to celebrate your Third Century, will regard not only as unique but as priceless." (Great applause.)

Selection by male chorus, "Comrades in Arms."

Thirty voices under direction of Mr. F. S. Birchard.

THE CHAIRMAN. "At the solicitation of the committee we have been enabled to secure for this occasion a poem written by Mrs. J. G. A. Carter, which will now be read by Mr. Roscoe A. Carter."



THE SQUARE AND COMMON AT NEEDHAM HEIGHTS



BICENTENNIAL POEM

MRS. J. G. A. CARTER

Sons of Needham, we greet you! We've heard the beat
O'er a continent's breadth, of your home-coming feet;
From the North's frigid mountains, the South's sultry
plain,

From the western Sierras, the near eastern main;
As in festive array our fair town appears
To call the long roll of two hundred years,
With gladness of youth and serenity of age
She welcomes you home from the world's great stage;
Here stay your footsteps, attend at her shrine,
Leave the furrow unturned, the gold in the mine;
The workshop unopened, the hammer unswung,
The harvest ungathered, its glories unsung;
Leave the ships of the sea to the tossing tide,
Leave the wealth unexplored, that beneath may hide,
Leave pleasure, leave treasure, leave power, leave all,
Renew the old days, the old home life recall;
Seek the woods where you wandered, the fields where you
played,
The river that still winds blue through the glade;
The haunts of the green hills, the dear old trees
That still to you wave their long arms in the breeze;

To the halls of your fathers, with gladness come!
To the land of first love, your childhood's home!

With pride of possession our town boasts the day
When the red men dwelt where she now holds sway;
When the rippling Charles, all its winding length
Bore his light canoe, felt his oar's swift strength;
She points to the seal which her documents bear
With its rude Indian wigwam pictured there,
And grave old Nehoiden, rich owner of land,
To his white neighbors giving the welcoming hand
And to them transferring, for pittance of pay
These acres we hold as our township today.

Our town, fair heritage from them descended,
With beauty and thrift in full measure blended;
For beauty, the forests, the river, the lakes;
(What picture more lovely than Rosemary makes?)
With sweetest of air, its healthfulness shedding,
With purest of water, in bounty o'er spreading,
With churches and schools, uplifting the land
Toward culture the highest, to bless and expand,
With factories humming, that bring her renown,
Seats of Labor's true empire, from base to crown.

What makes a town's glory? We look forward to see
When we living have passed, what judgment shall be;
What then the true verdict of those who have wrought
For Needham's advance in culture and thought?
Men will turn back to each separate name
That has added its share to good or bad fame,
And where will praise fall? On him who has known
But one narrow outlook for country or town?

Who has servilely bowed to spirit of greed,
Ignoring the heights where the soul might feed?
Stumbling and marring the life he should make
A pure shining light for posterity's sake?

Nay, rather on him who in both age and youth
Here planted the standard of right and of truth;
Here laid the foundation of true brotherhood,
Taught how to advance the triumph of good;
True townsmen unsullied by greed or by pelf,
With shoulder to wheel, regardless of self,
True father of citizens girded with power,
Equipped for the need of the day and the hour.

Real town-lover he, who works for his town,
Seeking only reward in her highest renown;
He gives his best labor of hand, heart and head,
To make a straight path where his fellows may tread;
Holding lofty conceptions for one and the whole
He fearlessly leads the sure way to the goal,
And an ideal town shall give him acclaim
Counting him the true townsman in deed and in name.
Our town has a debt, owed to those who are gone,
To the living as well, and men yet unborn;
A debt to the past, for her heroes of years,
When Needham wrote history with blood and with tears;
To the present and future, for all who need aid,
Of the strong to the weak, the brother afraid;
A debt of the winner to him who has lost,
A debt of the brave to the soul tempest-tossed;
A debt of the pure to him who knows shame,
A debt of the rich to the poor's honest claim;
The one debt that Right owes always to Wrong,

Uncancelled through life, be it never so long;
The great human debt, bequeathed through all time,
The payment of which is a thing sublime,
For it must be paid in the coin of pure love,
The currency honored wherever men rove;
So paid, our good town shall her true glory find,
And stand, a bright beacon, to bless mankind.

THE CHAIRMAN. "Needham is to be considered very fortunate in having as one of its citizens a man who has taken a great deal of interest and delight in accumulating various things concerning the town history that Mr. Adams has spoken about, and so I have the pleasure to introduce,—if an introduction is necessary,—our fellow-townsmen, George K. Clarke, Esq., who has written a sketch for this occasion."

ADDRESS BY GEORGE K. CLARKE, ESQ.

“Mr. Chairman, fellow citizens, and welcome guests, before I commence my very brief address I wish to comply with a request of the selectmen of the town of Harvard in Worcester County and read to you the following communication:

‘A greeting: The selectmen of Harvard, in behalf of the town, wish to congratulate the town of Needham on its two hundredth anniversary.

Respectfully,

WILLIAM B. WILLARD, *Chairman.*’

One hundred years ago this autumn the inhabitants of Needham met on a Sunday in their meeting house at the old center of the town and devoted the day to an observance of the completion of the first century of the life of the town. Since 1811 this community has been changed as by an enchanter’s wand,—the people, their homes, their ideas, their environment, their occupations, all are of another age. There is, however, one characteristic left to link the men and women of the older time with those dwelling here today, and that is that Anglo-Saxon blood still predominates, and institutions originating in old England are yet the ideals of the people, though subject to many innovations.

In 1811 the white inhabitants of this locality, with

the exception of a few families whose predecessors came from Scotland, were practically all of English stock, and most of them were born in Needham and had passed their lives here. What races and what form of popular government will prevail in the year 2011 we cannot tell, but we may be sure of this,—that then they will nobly celebrate, and that what we have done and said this week will after a slumber of a hundred years again be of interest to living men.

Our town is a unit in a constellation of towns and cities and mighty states, and it is older than the Federal government itself. Its people have been among the builders of this great Republic, and its sons have shed their blood in many wars.

In the seventy years of contest between Great Britain and France for supremacy on this continent, men who lived on this soil, although their homes were far from the scenes of conflict, shared with the victories and defeats of the British generals, some of whom were ill adapted to commands in the wilderness. It is true that there were but few officers among our men, but the soldiers suffered much in those northern campaigns, and found there their training school for the war of the American Revolution.

The story of the later wars is long, and fills many pages in our history. The soldiers of the American Revolution and of the great Civil War did credit to this town, and their deeds will be commemorated as long as patriotism appeals to men.

It is an interesting fact that no prisoners of war have been billeted, or placed in Needham for one hundred and fifty years. The reason why no prisoners were sent here during the War of the Revolution is not clear, but perhaps because there were but few paroled officers in Massachusetts, and the privates were not sent to the smaller towns.

I feel that I have a remote association with the Battle of Lexington, for in my childhood I was often taken to call upon a very ancient blind lady, Miss Agnes Austin, who was born in Charlestown and lived there for many years, and who delighted to tell her visitors that she *saw* the British troops under Earl Percy and Lieutenant-Colonel Smith on their return at the close of the memorable nineteenth of April, 1775. A considerable number of the soldiers had thrown away their red coats, and much of their equipment. The first legacy that I ever received was under the will of this venerable lady, who was a distant connection of my family.

The annals of Needham also record honorable achievements in peace, of which we may justly be proud. In the years of poverty following the War of the Revolution our town began to maintain its schools from thirty to thirty-six weeks each year, and continued this custom, although until within forty years of the present day many prosperous towns in this Commonwealth provided for their children only two terms of twelve weeks each, the winter and the summer term. Our citizens have never refused to tax themselves in the cause of education, and have given the schools prominence and efficiency for many years. It should not be forgotten that for six years Wellesley College was one of our institutions, and the story of its founding, and of its rapid growth is a part of our history. To some here present the time seems not so far away when we went to the town-farm to attend the meetings of the town, and to vote at State and Federal elections. Then our citizens came from the villages of Wellesley, and Grantville, and the Lower Falls, and they were not merely friends and neighbors, but were Needham men. Those who live in the Town of Wellesley take pride in its prosperity, and its beautiful homes, but our history is their history, and will ever remain so.

During the first one hundred and fifty years Needham had interesting and varied industries,—faggots, paper, glue, hats, shoes, silk, cotton and woolen goods, hinges, doors, blinds, machinery, iron implements, and paints, with the usual complement of sawmills, gristmills and cider-mills, but of them all only the papermills at the Lower Falls gave continuous employment to any considerable number of persons. Fifty years ago the manufacture of knit-goods began to be of consequence, and to-day is by far our largest industry, and the product of our factories is widely and favorably known.

A century ago the community consisted chiefly of farmers, and as late as 1848 this was an agricultural town, although West Needham had been somewhat changed by the building of the Boston and Worcester Railroad. Even in those days Needham was esteemed a healthy town, and invalids were sent here by noted physicians. To-day Needham is one of the suburbs of Boston, the business interests of many of its people are largely there, and agriculture as a calling is of the past. The reputation as a health resort, which our town enjoyed sixty years since, not only has not been diminished by the presence of a comparatively large, and constantly growing population, but has been increased by its fine town water, and its freedom from epidemic diseases. The light and dry soil may not have been an unmixed blessing to the farmers of the olden time, but it is a source of health and comfort to the people of to-day.

Needham has been the residence of few men of national importance, but it has been the birth-place, or ancestral home, of many whose names are known and honored beyond the bounds of this Commonwealth, as well as within its borders. Of those now living there are several whose life-work has been of benefit to thous-

ands. At different periods authors have dwelt here, both men and women, whose literary productions were esteemed in their day, and in some instances have proved to be of permanent value. West Needham has a longer list of writers than has our present town, and its name is linked with that of Dr. William T. G. Morton, the immortal discover of ether as an anaesthetic in surgery.

We had hoped that the President of the United States would be here at some time during this Bicentennial celebration, and if it is true that no President of this Republic has visited us, while in office, since our great first President was here in 1789, it is time that we should have an opportunity to again extend our hospitality to the Chief Magistrate of the United States. Vice-Presidents have come to Needham, but I think not in recent years. In the old days West Needham was on the direct route to the interior of the Province, and the Royal Governors, travelling slowly by coach, or on horseback, and often stopping for refreshments in our town, knew it well. Before the days of railroads there were stage routes through the town, and several taverns flourished here, some of them well-known for the good cheer and comfort found beneath their roofs. The Washingtonian movement of more than seventy years ago was the first efficient uprising in this State in behalf of temperance in the use of drinks, and doubtless did even more than the coming of the railroad to close the taverns. Probably the earliest tavern in Needham was Mills's at the Lower Falls. Benjamin Mills was its landlord in 1705, and his hostelry had the advantage of being on one of the main thoroughfares, and Governor Joseph Dudley, Judge Samuel Sewall and other dignitaries patronized it, so we may infer that it was fairly well kept. There were a number of later taverns in town, but of those within the limits

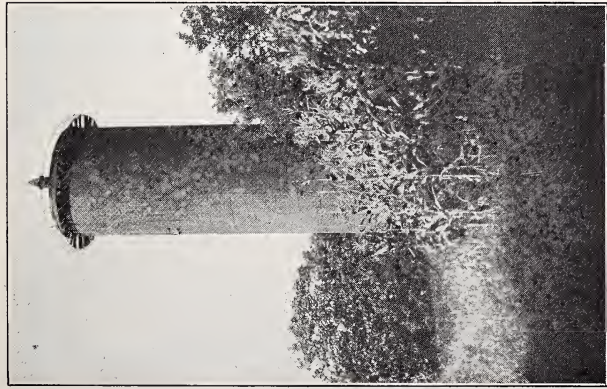
of the present town the McIntosh Tavern was perhaps the most prominent, and until Mr. Revere built Nehoisden Hall, sixty-seven years ago, its large room was the place for public meetings, social gatherings, and dances. Anecdotes have come down to us of good times in this old tavern, and of amusing occurrences there. The building was burned after it had ceased to be a public house.

It is difficult to tell who was the pioneer among the first settlers of Needham, but it was probably either a Mills or a Dewing. It is true that the Fisher family had owned land in what is now Needham as early as 1650, but apparently they did not live here until much later. Captain John Fisher was appointed in 1703 by Governor Dudley to look after the Natick Indians, which he found no easy task, and at that time his home was on the north side of the Charles River. Captain Fisher had been a soldier in King Philip's War, and was the captain of the first company of militia formed in the Town of Needham. Lieutenant Andrew Dewing was in command of the garrison-house near the Charles River, in the Ridge Hill section, during King Philip's War, two hundred and thirty-five years ago, and may have had some of his family with him. The forty petitioners for the incorporation of Needham represented twenty-one distinct families, but of the twenty-one only Alden, Dewing, Fuller, Kingsbury and Mills, and perhaps Fisher, have descendants of the same surname living in Needham in 1911, and of these the ancient Fullers are reduced in number to one young lady. The Town of Wellesley possesses some of the Fullers, and also the Wares, and possibly might add one or two other names to the list. The Woodcocks and Hunttings have disappeared within the recollection of many here present, and for several years there were no Dewings in Needham.

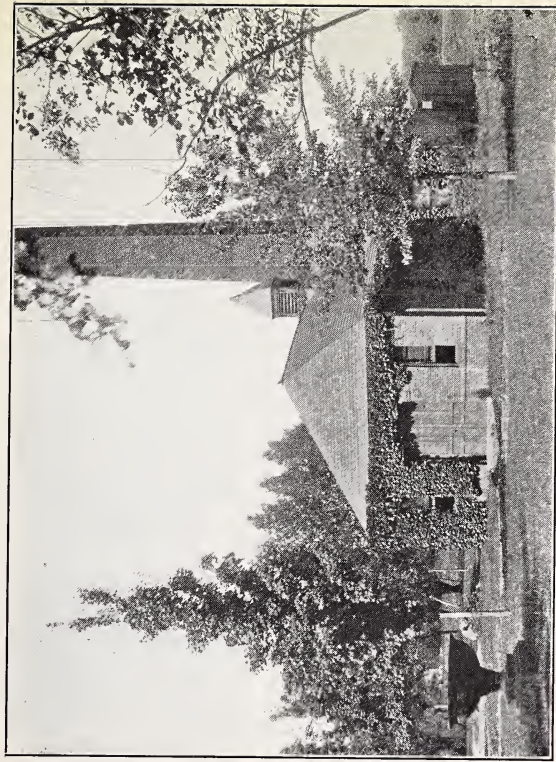
The older Needham is passing away, the populous suburb, perhaps destined to preserve its identity, but certain to be a part of a metropolis, is already visible to prophetic eyes. May the three hundredth anniversary be celebrated by a people as loyal to Needham as those who have done so well their part in this year of Grace nineteen hundred and eleven, even though far greater changes come than have yet been known, or dreamed of."

The closing number of the program was the singing of a selection by the chorus, "Tenting Tonight."





THE STAND PIPE ON RYAN'S HILL



THE PUMPING STATION — DEDHAM AVENUE



TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19



THE PARADE



THE PARADE

One of the most interesting features of the celebration, and the one thing to which the multitude had looked forward with the greatest expectation was the Civic and Trades' Parade, which took place in the forenoon of the 19th.

The formation of the parade was as follows:

Miss Grace Elwell, Alice Elwell and Mary Delvin, mounted, the last on a colt from the stables of E. G. Pond which was broken by the young woman herself

Platoon of Police

Needham Military Band

E. G. Pond, Chief Marshal

E. Wesson Adams and Mr. Singleton, Aids

Sons of Veterans, and the following town officers, guests and prominent citizens occupied the carriages in the parade:

William G. Moseley

Henry T. Childs

William Probert

Austin Potter

Edgar H. Bowers

George A. Hosley, Senior Vice Commander, Department of Massachusetts, G.A.R.

Charles A. Wood, Commander Post 63 of Natick

Edwin A. Taylor, Commander of Galen Orr Post,
181, of Needham
John A. Tilton
Fred Orr of Melrose
Fred Kingsbury of Wellesley
Members of Post 63, Natick
Members of Post 62, Newton
Members of Post 121, Hyde Park

Float—Town Seal, which was one of the great features of the parade, represented by John F. and Sumner B. Mills and George Lyman Kingsbury. The two Mills brothers were dressed in an accurate reproduction of the early woodsmen, and Mr. Kingsbury took the part of the Indian "Nehoiden". The background was a miniature of the familiar scene on the corporate seal. It was particularly fitting that the original transfer of the land to the early settlers should be expressed in tableaux two hundred years later by members of two of the oldest and most prominent families of the town

Miss Nina Aker, with a Shetland pony team

Needham Fire Department

Natick Fire Department

Wellesley Fire Department

Dedham Fire Department

Needham Water Works Department

Float—Highway Department with steam drill pulled by the steam roller—representing rock drilling 1711—1911. At one end of the float three men were industriously drilling a small rock, two were striking with sledges on a drill held by the third; while at the other end a modern steam rock drill was steadily drilling through a large boulder by means of steam supplied by a twelve-ton road roller which at the same time furnished the motive power for the whole

Float—Needham Young People's Association. This float had numerous placards neatly printed, describing the various features of the organization. The entire float was draped with red, white and blue bunting. On the platform of the float, Mr. Caddick gave a demonstration of weight lifting and physical exercise at frequent intervals during the entire course of the parade. After the parade the rooms of the Association were thrown open to the public

A. O. U. W. Degree Team

Boy Scouts

Twenty-seven members of the Carpenters' Union led by the president, Irving R. Stowell, and carrying banners

Fife and Drum Corp

PRINCIPAL INDUSTRIES OF THE TOWN

Float—William Carter Company, Underwear Manufacturers, with sixteen barges carrying their employees. This exhibit was five minutes in passing a given point. Lead by an exhibit of modern machinery. Largest feature in the entire parade

Float—Moseley & Company, Knit Goods, drawn by two horses and displaying the various completed products of the mill, as well as showing the yarn from which they are made just as it originally comes into the factory, then the cloth and finally the finished garments. There was a group of six little children dressed in knit caps, sweaters and leggins, and accompanied by two of the men employees. A sign was shown above the whole with the trade mark, "Tiny Wear." A sign on the side of the float below the platform had the firm name "Moseley & Company, established 1880." Those on the float were—

William H. Jackson, and his three little children

Lawrence Jackson

Lewis Jackson

Albert Jackson

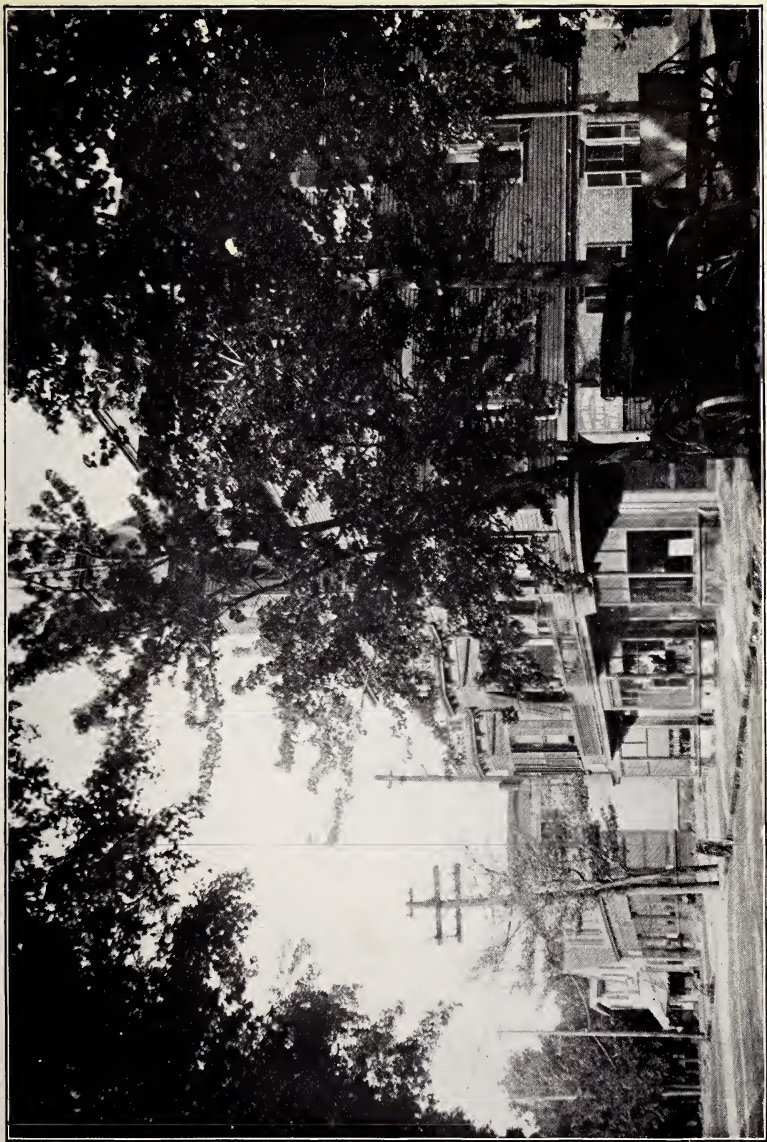
Samuel J. Wilson and his three little children
George R. Wilson
Ruth A. Wilson
Robert B. Wilson

Float—George E. Wye Company, Knit Goods. This exhibit consisted of two four-horse floats, the first depicting a Shaker colony scene composed of five young ladies and the overseer, conveying the idea of the origin of the so-called Shaker sweater. This float bore the title "Ye Knitting of 1711," the impersonators being costumed after the old Shaker style. The other float bore the title "Knitting of 1911," it being intended to convey the idea of the modern knitting establishment,—displaying the modern sweater knitting machine and power sewing table, together with the modern and common office appliances of the telephone and typewriter. Both of these floats were enclosed and ornamented with colored trimmings. On the top of each float was the enlarged trademark of the Company, the first being the letter Y with its accompanying design and the second the Great Dane dog's head with its accompanying lettering, and both bore the following inscription:

Est. 1888 Inc. 1905
GEORGE E. WYE COMPANY
 Pleasant Street and Dedham Ave.
 Manufacturers of the
GREAT DANE SWEATER
BATHING SUITS AND JERSEYS

Float—William Bourne & Son Piano Company, highly decorated, with a piano player attachment in full operation during the entire parade

Float—Edward E. Dailey, Paper Box Manufacturer, decorated with red, white and blue bunting, drawn by four black horses. Suspended from the saddle of each was a suggestion of the lapse of two hundred



A PART OF THE BUSINESS SECTION — On Highland Avenue at Needham Heights



years, in yellow and white chrysanthemums, 1711-1911. Arranged as a pyramid were red, white and blue boxes from the top of which floated the American flag. Around the base of the pyramid were seated the employees each dressed in white, wearing hats made box-shaped, trimmed with tri-colored bands, and waving the Bi-centennial pennants. At the front of each hat was a gilt letter arranged to spell the name of the employer. In the rear two girls, one holding a bundle wrapped in paper and tied with twine—1711—the other a box—1911—represented the old and new way of wrapping goods for shipment

Float—The Edison Company, large and decorated, with an exhibit of household articles run by electricity—a most attractive and practical exhibit

Float—New England Telephone & Telegraph Company, large and decorated, with a switchboard in full operation

Adams Express Company, one team driven by William F. Eaton

Bailey's Auto Express

Matthes Express

Float—Wilfred G. Blades, Builder, with a miniature house, accurate to the smallest detail

Alfred Parker, Contractor and Builder, one decorated team

The Old Niagara Hand Tub, well-remembered by those who "ran with the old machine." Its picturesqueness was a little injured by having it "manned" by horses

H. S. Locke & Son, Lumber—one four horse decorated wagon loaded with building material. Geo. Palmer, driver

Howard A. Crossman Company, Hay and Grain, representing the old farmer going to grist on horseback in 1711; a single team representing the business in 1886; a six horse gray team representing the method of doing business in 1911

E. G. Pond, exhibit from Noon Hill—deer, fawn, eagle, a coon and an owl, guarded by a fine terrier

BUSINESS HOUSES

Grocers

Adams Brothers, five highly decorated teams

T. J. Crossman's exhibit with Mr. Crossman leading, on horseback. Then five wagons decorated with some of his numerous articles of merchandise. Following came a wagon advertising the tea and coffee department and driven by Mr. C. M. Donahue, a clerk who had been in his employ fourteen years. Second came a wagon advertising paints, oils and varnishes driven by Mr. J. F. Durbin, also a clerk for fourteen years. Third was one of the finest and most unique of all the teams represented, the cracker team decorated by the Sunshine Biscuit Co. and advertising their goods. This was driven by Mr. H. T. Smith. The fourth was trimmed with bunting and decorated with general groceries advertising those on sale at "Crossman's Corner," driven by Mr. C. L. Crossman, father of the proprietor. The fifth was also decorated with flags and advertised general groceries, driven by Mr. A. B. Crossman, son of Mr. T. J. Crossman. The horses were all decorated with plumes and pennants, and altogether with the wagons made a fine appearance

J. J. Whetton, represented by three single grocery delivery wagons, decorated, and driven by employees. Notices called attention to two good looking serviceable horses that had been in the service for twenty-three years, Bill and Bell, twenty-nine and thirty years of age. Two double coal wagons, one loaded with a new burning fuel called Briquetts—Highland Coal Company. One decorated float representing the Cunard Steamship Company of which Mr. J. H. Whetton is agent, manned by persons in uniform of the Steamship Company and carrying the Cunard House flag

Samuel Smith, Groceries and Provisions, one decorated wagon driven by Thomas Gambel

Provisions

Thomas Sutton, two newly painted wagons decorated with the national colors, bunting and plumes, the first called a butcher cart, representing an old-fashioned way of supplying provisions in the out-lying districts, drawn by a brown horse, Major, who had been in the service for eighteen years, and driven by James E. Tisdale the past eight years; the second, an order wagon driven by Robert H. Kaymes for ten years, representing the present method of order and delivery in the more thickly populated portions of the town

C. W. Woodbury, a wagon decorated with bunting and a display of vegetables

Oliver Crisp, one decorated delivery wagon driven by F. Donald Webb

Dry Goods

C. E. Cushing, a small two-wheeled cart drawn by a Shetland pony of diminutive proportions. A tower decorated with bunting and flags and surmounted by a small rubber boot was built over the cart, which itself was partially covered with signs advertising his goods. In the centre of the tower a large sign reading

“Always there
with the
Goods”

was shown, reading alike on both sides. Master Ray Gavagan was the driver

Coal and Wood

Pioneer Coal Company, Joseph Willett, Proprietor, was represented by a float drawn by a pair of well-matched black horses. On the float were nine snow-white coal hods filled with “sparkling black diamonds”; also coal shovels painted blue and white; large signs lettered “Established 1872” and “Prompt Delivery”

The whole surmounted by the firm trademark and draped with the national colors. The driver wore a miner's cap surmounted by the regular mine lamp

Poore & Chadwick, one double team loaded with coal, driven by John Murray

Farm and Produce

Pine Valley Farm, showing the old settler who plodded along with his ox-team load of produce

Webb Farm—Milk

Hillside Farm—Float decorated with bunting, flags and yellow corn, displaying the utensils used in the care of the milk from the stable to the consumer. A well groomed cow with its calf also added to this very interesting feature. The second float contained the milkers in white coats and caps. Two milk wagons covered with bunting and flags finished the display from Needham's leading dairy

Jerry Bond—Vegetables, Garden Truck

F. H. Whipple—Distributor fruit and vegetables

D. Simon—Cattle

S. Rosenblatt

David Cohen—Fowl

Frank Marsilli—Vegetables

John H. Fitzgerald, Village Blacksmith, decorated float with a forge in full operation and a pony being shod. Oldest established business under the same management, 1869

Ice

Needham Ice Company, Frank A. McIntosh, Manager

Union Ice Company, Thomas Kilmain, Proprietor

Painters and House Decorators

Bemis & Jewett

Frank L. Brown. This float represented a painter of 1711 and two painters of 1911, with advertisements of varnishes and lead

F. H. Clews drove a Ford Runabout, Model T auto, to show how it could be used in his business,—painting. He had a box attached where the rumble seat fits on, to carry stock in, and on the sides were two large placards, one telling the fact that he had painted the town hall and gilded the dome for this occasion, the other telling of his success in business using King's best lead and oil. The auto was draped in the national colors

Fruit

Charles Stevens & Son, two teams loaded with fruit and richly decorated

Frank de Fazio

Baker

C. A. Leader had one one-horse bakery wagon dressed in the national colors and driven by Charles A. Leader, Jr.

Teaming and Contracting

John Lawson had a double team driven by Thomas Kenefick with two Italians shoveling on it. It also carried Mr. Lawson himself. A single team next driven by Walter Frederick Lawson with George Menan and a fellow Italian named Pete Tine on it. An Italian named John Marriot drove the third team. On this there were five Italians showing how to use the pick and shovel

S. Goldman

Hardware

L. Hirshberg

Florists

P. E. Richwagen. A wagon loaded with flowers and foliage plants. Wagon decorated with bunting, horse with flags, driven by his son, P. Burnhardt Richwagen. A second wagon, a light delivery or democrat, decorated with flowers in body of wagon, outside with bunting, horse with flags, driven by his son, Earl W. Richwagen

Denys Zirngiebel

Upholsterer

Wendall Hasenfus—decorated float with three employees showing the process of upholstering furniture

Float—Cold Spring Boat House, which consisted of a two-horse float carrying a modern canvas canoe richly painted and decorated. The canoe was completely furnished with carpet, cushions, back rests and paddles, and had a United States flag at the stern and Union Jack with Canadian coat of arms in the bow. The decorated canopy was supported by oars and paddles

Sons of Temperance, Leonard Dawson dressed as Nehoiden for whom the Lodge is named, carrying the iron insignia of the Order surmounted by the regalia worn by the First Worthy Patriarch of the local division, William N. Ayers, fifty-four years ago

Dedham Wet Wash

Hathaway's Bakery of Waltham,—a concern that has sent teams to Needham for thirty-seven continuous years. One of the two teams was driven by L. F. Kimball, one of the first drivers; the second by the present driver, W. R. West

Waltham Laundry, George Twigg, local agent

Underwood & Company of Natick, furniture and household utensils

John McDowell dressed as a colonial, on a motor cycle

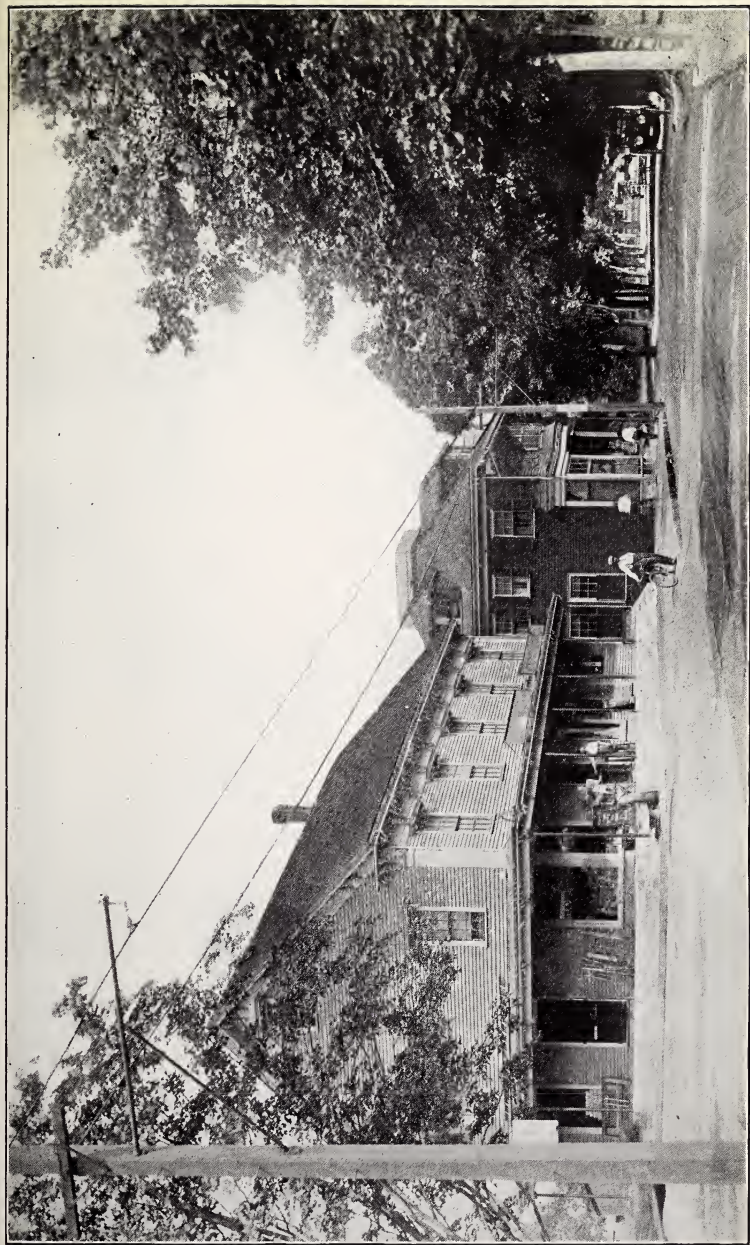
THE PARADE

Howard A. and Mrs. Crossman, Irving E. Ross, Mrs. Ross
and Irving Jr., in auto beautifully decorated with
wisteria, representing Japanese family.

Gordon Turner with two automobiles

George E. Wragg and family in decorated auto





MORE OF THE HIGHLAND AVENUE BUSINESS SECTION AT THE HEIGHTS



THE VETERANS





SOLDIERS' MONUMENT IN NEEDHAM CEMETERY



THE VETERANS

The Bicentennial Committee made thoughtful provision for the local veterans of the Civil War.

A large barge with four horses was furnished by the Committee for their transportation in the great Parade. The barge was profusely decorated by the veterans with our national colors in red, white and blue bunting, which with the occupants of the barge added greatly to the many interesting features of the procession, largely because of this anniversary coming in the fiftieth anniversary year of that Civil War.

One of the most pleasing incidents on the last day of Needham's celebration of its Bicentennial anniversary was the large gathering of Veterans of the Civil War, from the surrounding towns, at the invitation of our local Grand Army Post. These ex-soldiers were loyal representatives of six different towns, and moreover, they served in regiments, batteries, etc., representing various states, from Maine to Illinois.

The Post thoughtfully provided a substantial grandstand, upon which the old soldiers and the ladies accompanying them comfortably sat and viewed the parade, as it passed before them. They enjoyed the many humorous things which occurred and observed with interest the changes in the mechanical arts as shown by the picturesque display of models, of the industries now carried on in the town, compared with the days of fifty and sixty years ago.

Natick and Hyde Park, both large manufacturing towns, were well represented, the former by upwards of forty veterans. Newton, a city of great individual wealth, Dover and Medfield noted for their broad farms, and Dedham, our County seat, and mother of Needham, were here by representation, to witness and express their surprise and delight at the scenes about the town.

After the parade at 12 o'clock, a luncheon was provided for our visitors in Kingsbury hall, by the Post and the Women's Relief Corps, at which over a hundred were seated. Invocation was said by the Rev. Chas. E. Sawtelle, then the ladies of the Relief Corps charged upon us with great pitchers of coffee ready, sugared and creamed. The clatter of knives, forks, dishes and spoons could not drown the praise, jokes, stories and laughs that served as sweet sauce to the food so rapidly disappearing.

When hunger and thirst were assuaged, Commander Edwin A. Taylor introduced Vice Commander Hosley, whose eloquent address was greatly applauded. Our board of selectmen, Messrs. Henry T. Childs, William A. Probert and Austin Potter honored the occasion by their presence and actively assisted in entertaining our guests from out of town. The chairman of the board, Mr. Childs, spoke feelingly of the respect and consideration held by the townspeople in the past and present for the veterans of the Civil War.

The Rev. Edward Marsh followed with appropriate allusions to the day and the services of those present in helping fifty years ago to bring about these present conditions. Representatives from the different towns were called upon, and it can be truthfully said that they acquitted themselves satisfactorily as evidenced by the smiles and applause they received.

A delegation from each of the Dorchester and

Newton "Tents" of the Daughters of Veterans were our honored guests through an invitation extended to them, in our behalf, by our local Sons of Veterans. Not to be outdone by our male guests, Miss Katherine Flood of the Dorchester Tent delighted the audience by her happy remarks pertinent to the occasion and presence, which were enthusiastically cheered.

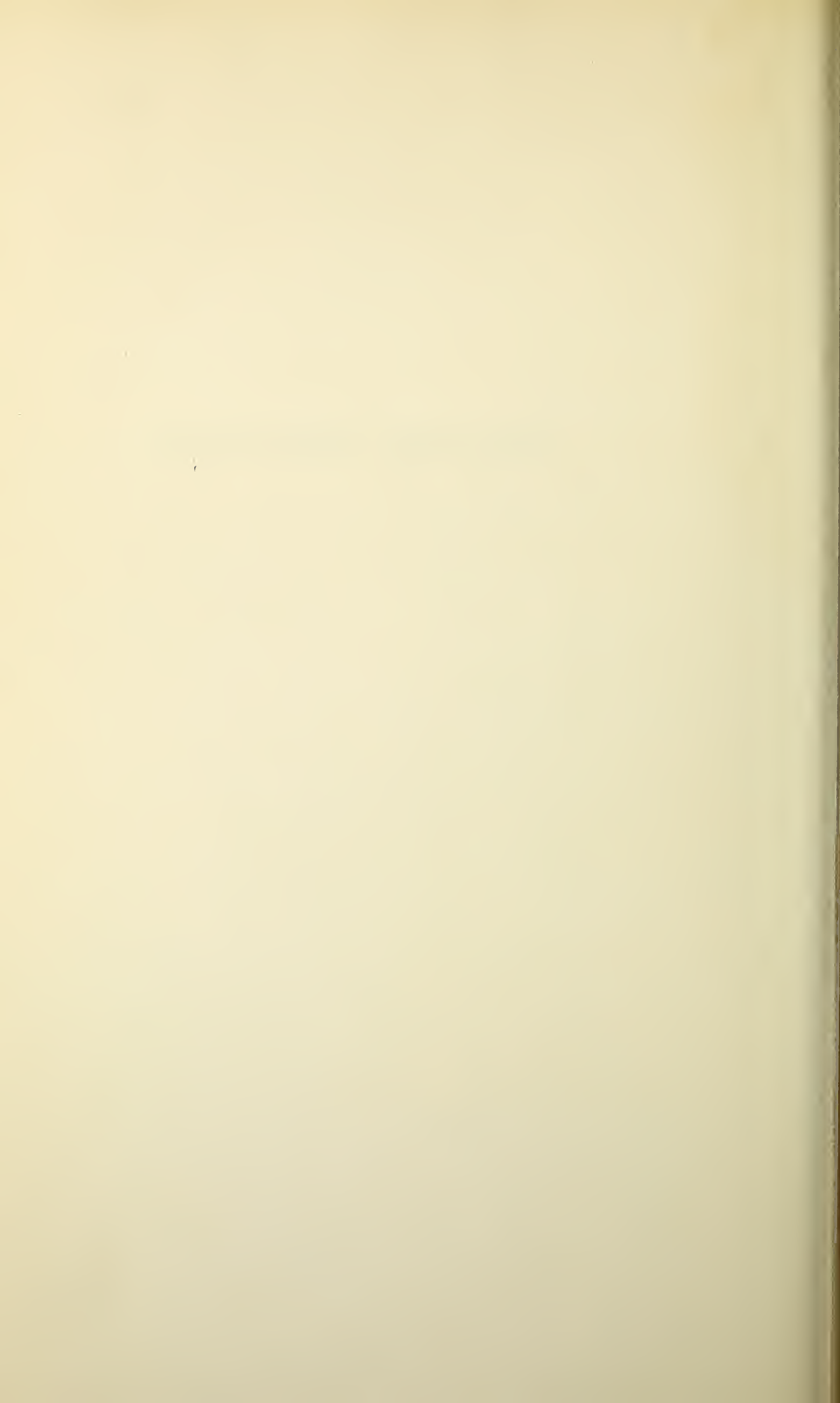
This function lasted until the middle of the afternoon and there was still time afforded those present to listen for an hour to the delightful music by our Military Band under the superb leadership of E. C. Cary.

THOMAS H. DUNHAM,

Chairman Post Committee of Arrangements.



THE FIRE DEPARTMENT



FIRE DEPARTMENT PARADE

Upon invitation from the Committee and by order of Chief H. Howard Upham, the Fire Department was assembled at the Central Fire Station, Chestnut Street, on Tuesday, Sept. 19th, 1911 for the purpose of engaging in the Trades and Civic Parade of the Bicentennial Celebration of the Town of Needham.

The Chief had previously forwarded invitations to parade with the department, to the chiefs of the neighboring towns and cities including the mother-town of Dedham and the offspring Wellesley. The parade was formed as follows:

BOARD OF ENGINEERS AND SUPERINTENDENT OF FIRE ALARM

Chief, H. Howard Upham
Assistant Chief, Allston R. Bowers
District Engineers, Timothy A. Sullivan, Needham Upper Falls, William F. Brown, Charles River
Superintendent Fire Alarm, Willard P. Cookson

VISITING CHIEFS

Chief H. J. Harrigan, of Dedham
W. W. Diehl, of Wellesley
A. H. Fiske, of Framingham
William Daniels, of Natick
E. L. Metcalf, of Franklin
E. M. Crockett, of Medford
John Wetherbee, of Hyde Park

HAND ENGINE, NIAGARA 1

Built in 1846. Purchased from the Town of Hingham, Mass., in 1884. Out of commission in 1890 upon introduction of Water Service

COMBINATION CO. 1—CENTRAL STATION

Captain Rodney S. Adams
George Holt
Charles Woodbury
Frank Gaughan
Fred Cookson
Percy Moulton
Frank Lane

COMBINATION CO. 2—NEEDHAM HEIGHTS

Captain John W. Crisp
Lieutenant T. R. Quinlan
Frank Scotton
George Kennedy
Harry Walker
James Pidgeon
Samuel Smith
William Smith
Wallace Rae

HOOK & LADDER TRUCK CO. 1—CENTRAL STATION

Captain Dana L. Southworth
Lieutenant John T. Farrand
Howard Flewellyn
Wendell H. Hasenfus
William H. Slaney
William Brown
Daniel Sullivan
William H. Slaney, Jr.
William Clews
Herbert Slaney

HOSE Co. 1—CHARLES RIVER

Captain Lindsay Minnis
Lieutenant Harry Forsythe
Daniel Mathewson
Joseph Wagstaff
John D. Cook
Adolph Burrman
Charles Day
Howard Shaw

HOSE Co. 3—NEEDHAM UPPER FALLS

Captain James F. Daley,
Corey Stata
John Rae
Harry Shepperson
Edward Daley

HOSE Co. 4—NEEDHAMDALE

Captain Henry D. Blackman

VISITING COMPANIES

Combination Hook and Ladder Co. 1, Wellesley, ten men
Hose Co. 1, Dedham, ten men
Hook and Ladder Co. 1, Natick, ten men

Upon dismissal of the parade the department and guests assembled at the Central Station, where a banquet was served.

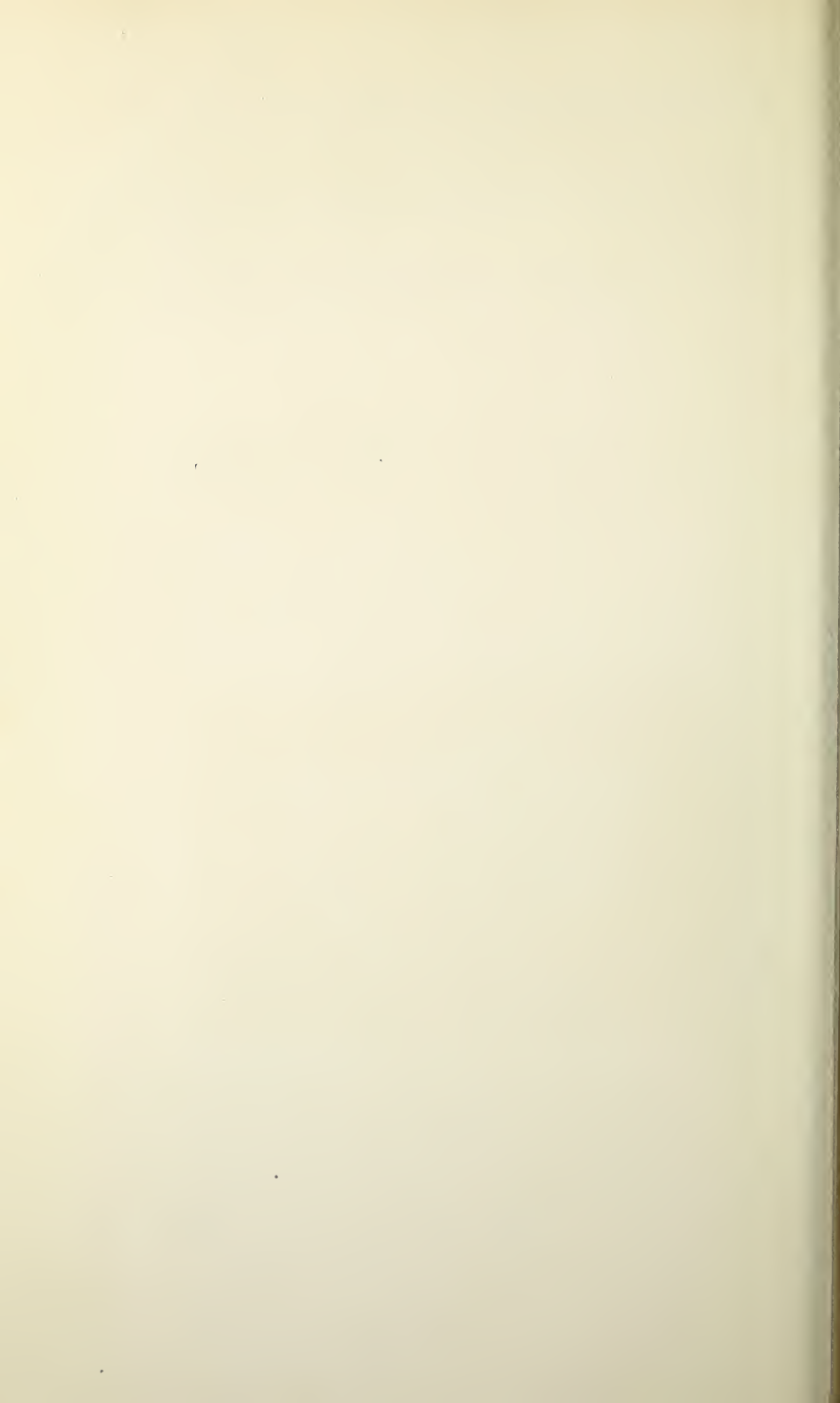
At 2:45 P.M. a general alarm was sounded by the chief from Box 28, located at the Central Station, calling the entire department to Needham Square.

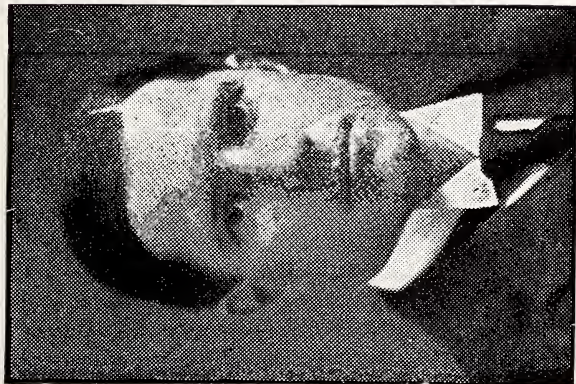
By order of the chief, ladders were placed upon the Town Hall and the Bourne Building, where lines of hose were placed by Combination Co. 1 and Com-

bination Co. 2. Upon their arrival, lines of hose were placed upon the same buildings by Hose Co. 3 and Hose Co. 4.

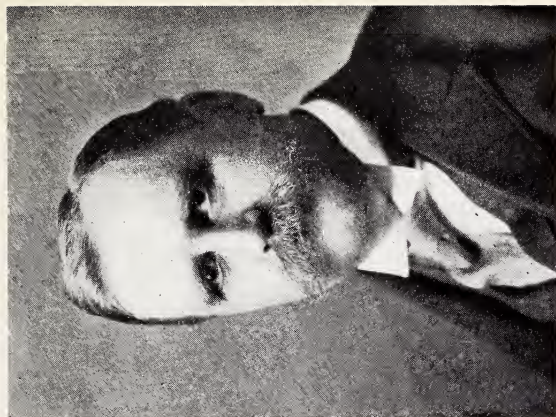
Upon completion of the exhibition the department was dismissed and sent to quarters.

THE BANQUET





HON. LOUIS A. FROTHINGHAM



HIS EXCELLENCY EUGENE H. FOSS



THE BANQUET

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 19, 1911

At about 4:30 P. M. everything was in readiness for the banquet and the company assembled. At the head table upon the stage was seated His Excellency, Governor Foss; Hon. Louis A. Frothingham, Lieutenant-Governor; Hon. James M. Merrill, County Commissioner; Representative Horatio G. Hathaway, Jr. of Dedham; Congressman John W. Weeks; Senator Charles W. Pearson of Brookline; J. Stearns Cushing, Councillor; Secretary of State A. P. Langtry; Mayor Charles E. Hatfield of Newton; Rev. George Whitaker, Rev. Robert L. Webb, B. B. Johnson, Esq., and William G. Moseley, the chairman of the occasion.

The invocation and prayer by Rev. Robert L. Webb was as follows: "Our Father, wilt Thou look upon us with Thy favor today as we gather around these tables taking part in this celebration which has meant so much in this town. We thank Thee for Thy blessing on the fathers who founded this community. We thank Thee for the favors shown to this town all through the years that have guided it in its life. We thank Thee for present prosperity and for the abundant outlook upon the future. We pray Thee, our Father, that as Thou hast led us in the past so wilt Thou lead and bless us in the years to come. Bless, we pray Thee,

those in official positions throughout this community; give them wisdom and understanding, give them power to execute. We pray Thee that the spirit of true patriotism may abide in the hearts of all these our citizens. And, our Father, may not only this community but may all communities in this old Bay State, the state that has been so much in the history of our land, be blessed of Thee, and may the candle of liberty burn brightly that generations to come may be blessed even as we have been blessed. So accept our thanks for this provision for our physical needs, and help us to see that every good and every perfect gift cometh down from above. Amen."

Music was furnished by the *Puritan Orchestra* during the banquet.

THE CHAIRMAN. "The Governor has come to us today after a long journey from another part of the state and desires to say a few words to us at this time as he desires to depart very shortly; so I have the honor to present to you His Excellency the Governor."

REMARKS OF GOVERNOR FOSS

"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen: I am glad to be here with you today just to bring a word of greeting. I have come over from Uxbridge this afternoon where I have been attending one of the numerous county fairs. You know that Uxbridge is one of those delightful little towns of about 5,000 inhabitants over in the Blackstone valley good to see, one of those industrial centers studded with mills and several large industries, and they have had a wonderful county fair, it being a section of the state where oxen are still in

evidence, although the automobile is coming in fast as you know.

Now, you have had a wonderful celebration here today I am told, and I have also been attending some celebrations elsewhere. There was the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary in Wareham the other day which I had the pleasure of attending. Also I went up and attended the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the town of Rutland in Vermont.

But this is the two hundredth anniversary here in Needham, and I want to commend the civic spirit of this community, this lovely and beautiful town of yours, and your citizens in coming out and making such a display and in flourishing so many flags and decorations; and then I understand the parade has done you much credit.

And the thought which is in my mind today is this, that this community is so near the great metropolis of Boston, so closely connected by ties of business interest in every way,—my thought is that of cooperation. Most of you business men who live here in this town are doing business in Boston, your business is located there, and when we are thinking and talking about greater Boston, and of the greater unity because of what the tendency of the times is today, we shall have this greater Boston when we shall bring together these communities located around this great industrial and commercial center. Then we shall have made a great city of Boston; not a city of 700,000 people as it is today, but a city of a million and a half taking in an area of ten or fifteen miles around the State House; and then Boston will not rank as the twentieth city in the world, but as about the tenth city in the world.

We are entitled to that rank, we are fast becoming a commercial center, and I could tell you about the Legislature on Beacon Hill and the appropriation of \$9,000-

000 for the improvement of our harbor. You are all interested in the proposition,—all of us living near the harbor where our interests are so strong. It is a movement which means so much to this state, especially to this section of the country.

I am not going to detain you long, as you have a great array of talent on the platform, and when the dinner is over you will want to hear from them. The Lieutenant-Governor is here and can tell you what has been going on on Beacon Hill this last year, what we have been doing and what the result is to be.

I want simply to say in closing that I thank you very much indeed for the warm greeting given me today, and how much pleasure it is for me to be with you and say these few words and to extend to you the greetings of the Commonwealth. I thank you very much” [applause].

After the remarks of the Governor, and when His Excellency had departed, the banqueting was resumed, after which the following addresses were made.

THE CHAIRMAN. “As we are nearing the close of this very successful celebration I am sure it will give me great pleasure to congratulate you and the town upon the completion of the program provided for this occasion. We have had a very pleasant time; it has been very successful, and now as the final thing we have met here to enjoy this banquet, and we have with us as guests a number of men identified with the Commonwealth and with our county and the neighboring towns. They have come here as the guests of the town of Needham, and I know you are glad to have them here as your guests.

The Governor, before he left, said a very pleasant word for his Lieutenant-Governor, and said you would have the pleasure of hearing from him, and that he

would tell you about the things at the State House and other items of interest. We shall be glad to hear from the Hon. Louis A. Frothingham, Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts.” [great applause and cheers, with a cry of “What is the matter with Frothingham, he’s all right. Who is all right?—Frothingham”].


REMARKS OF LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR FROTHINGHAM

“Mr. Toastmaster, ladies and gentlemen. I feel very much at home in Needham, especially after your most kind and very warm reception; I feel at home here, not only because I have been here before and spoken from this platform, but because I live on Needham soil [laughter].

Now, that may seem very peculiar to you, ladies and gentlemen, but if I am correctly informed it is absolutely true, because many years ago when they built in that part of Boston below Charles Street and the Common, which is now known as the Back Bay, they took the soil from Needham [renewed laughter]. But just because we took some of your soil I don’t know that we can entirely agree with the Governor that you want Boston to annex all your soil [a voice, “No” and applause]—and I sometimes do agree with the Governor [more laughter]. I certainly know it would be a good thing for Boston to have you with us, because yours is one of the best town governments and a model for any other to follow [applause].

Any town or city that can erect as good a looking building as this with such a beautiful hall, and afterwards can turn back money into the treasury certainly deserves commendation and deserves to be followed by other communities.

You also supplied us with trees, I am told, and those trees were taken from here into Boston by oxen, so that we had oxen in those days as now at our agricultural shows [laughter].

 Now, I should not undertake, as much as I would like to do anything the Governor asks me to do, to tell you, as he suggested, all that went on upon Beacon Hill the past winter, for we had the longest session the Legislature ever has had in Massachusetts, and if I undertook to tell you a quarter part of what they did—or left undone—and that latter part would be easy—for they didn't leave much undone apparently—it would take not only this afternoon but a great part of tomorrow.

Two of those trees which were taken in from here to Boston were rejected, as I understand it, and were brought back again and planted near the border-line between here and Wellesley, and they may now be seen there growing in a flourishing condition.

The poet, I think it was Holmes, wasn't it, said that 'Little of all we value here waits on the morn of its hundredth year without both looking and feeling queer,' and after double one hundred years we would expect Needham to feel very old and very queer. It is a long time, ladies and gentlemen, for this country, and Needham has prospered and she has been progressive without following all the necessarily so-called progressive doctrines we hear about nowadays, but she has progressed in the true lines. Its citizens went forth at the time of our Revolutionary War, and the proportion of loss at Lexington and Concord from this town of Needham was greater than from any other town in Massachusetts except that of Lexington. They went forth again at the time of the Civil War, and they gave their quota of blood and showed that Needham was still patriotic.

You have played your part, ladies and gentlemen, with Massachusetts in all the great events of this country.

To many people the history of the United States seems less attractive than that of some foreign countries because we haven't the ruined castles and titles of a feudal nobility that are to be found across the water, but those are shallow people; the history of America from its very newness lends attractions. Where else can you find a country settled as this was, not for conquest, not for gain of that kind, but to gain freedom, a free church, a free government, a free speech, stretching out its colonies and finally throwing off the yoke of the mother country and becoming free, welding together into a great and strong government to be cast assunder for a time by the Civil War, but coming together afterwards stronger than ever, and becoming the greatest republic on the face of the globe? [applause]

Where else can you find such characters as Washington and Lincoln; in what other country in the world can you find so many careers where the barefoot boy has risen by the strength of his own personality to the highest position in business, professional, and political life?

Ladies and gentlemen, we have a great country, we have great traditions, and no state in this Union has lived up to those traditions better than Massachusetts [applause]. We have done our duty in time of war; let us see to it that we do our duty likewise in the time of peace" [great applause].

THE CHAIRMAN. "I have had occasion to say once or twice during the celebration that Massachusetts is proud of its men. I believe that Massachusetts is proud of its representatives in Congress. We have able men from Massachusetts participating in the delib-

erations at Washington; we have, however, one man who has been deemed worthy of high official recognition in that body, a man who, whenever he addresses the body, receives the very best of attention; a man whose suggestions are listened to with great care, and when followed are found very profitable; and so tonight it gives me great pleasure to present as our next speaker Congressman Weeks, our congressman from this district" [the audience rises and gives three cheers and a tiger for Congressman Weeks].

REMARKS OF CONGRESSMAN WEEKS

"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, considering the fact that I am not a candidate for office, I think those cheers were unusually hearty [laughter].

You have been wise in having this celebration; it is always wise for people to get together and compare notes, and taking an account of stock to see what they have been doing during the last half century at least. You not only get together yourselves, but you bring back to your community those who have left it for one reason and another, and especially those who were natives of the town; and sometimes they bring back to you something valuable, and occasionally one leaves his native town that which is valuable, and I hope that will be the case here. In any case you have been wise in having this celebration, although it takes work and effort to make it successful, even when there are many willing hands.

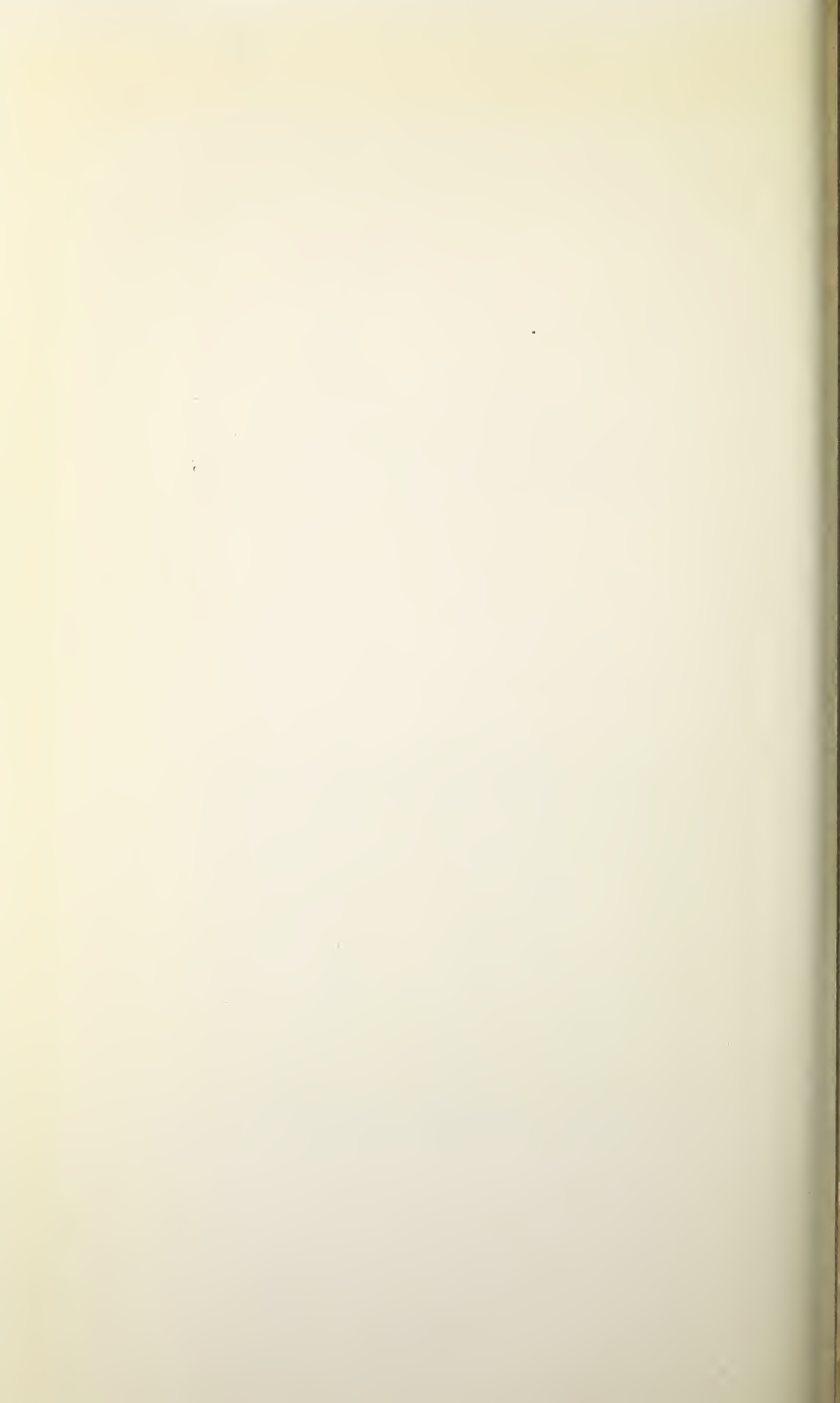
I will say to you confidentially that I came here to talk about a matter I have had on my mind, but I see that this is not the place to do it; therefore I am going to change my text and discuss briefly something the Governor gave us as an indication of his view of a



HON. JOHN W. WEEKS



HON. ALBERT P. LANGTRY



public question. I am not doing it because I do not agree with the Governor, because I do frequently agree with him on matters not political, and of course I would not think of injecting anything political here. In this particular I disagree with him, and want to call your attention briefly—and without giving it any consideration for this occasion—why I disagree with him in his suggestion that this community should become a part of Boston.

Things big are not always virtuous simply because they are large. If they were I should be one of the most virtuous men, which I am not; but things are good because they have value without regard to their size, and that brings up this whole question of government, of the form of government, of the government we have had in New England for the last two hundred and fifty or three hundred years, and the government we have had to work out of our conditions as they would come to us from day to day.

Mr. Bryce, the British ambassador, whom I esteem as a friend of mine, has said in his commentary upon our government, that the one failure the American people have made was in their municipal government, but he would have said in the same breath that the one great success which they have made has been made in their individual town government, or the government we have heard about and known ever since we have been on this earth. The old New England town government is the best government evolved by man, because it is the individual government where every individual knows all the details, takes an interest and becomes a part of it.

But when a community grows to any extent the pure democracy which exists in the small towns must necessarily be substituted with something akin to it but not exactly like it. Therefore we see in the larger

towns some form of Republican government which is made to fit the necessities as they arise. Later on we come to city government, which in my judgment, in comparatively small communities, is the poorest government any community can have; the people in a large city are the poorest governed people in this country. Local government is the most important of all our public duties. We sometimes get excited about national and state affairs and county affairs, but when you stop and think we raise more for local purposes, and there are more details in connection with local affairs than all others put together, you will understand why it should receive our first attention.

I happened to notice the other day that the city of Boston when it was of the size of the city of Newton where I live had a net debt of \$100,000, and that the expenditures of the city of Boston at that time per capita were only about one-half of what they are in Newton today. I do not say that to reflect on Newton, which is one of the best communities in the Commonwealth, and where I believe every dollar expended has given a dollar's worth of value to the inhabitants of that city, but I say it because conditions have changed, the world has been moving, we do not live the simple life our fore-fathers lived a hundred years ago, and when those who antedate us by many years were in charge of the conduct of affairs. They did not have the multitudinous matters of detail which we have to deal with; therefore the expenditures were smaller, the amount of money raised was very much less than now, but today we have, and I believe we must have, all the modern improvements and conveniences which go to make up our modern life. Therefore it becomes of the greatest importance that we should have in charge of affairs men on whom we can depend and on whose business judgment we can place the greatest reliance.

When we extend a town's government into city government, however, we are losing some part of our touch with them; I believe the city government takes away some part of the municipal pride which is in every citizen; that if we grow, as the Governor suggests we may, to be fifty or sixty or eighty or ninety or a thousand or a million people that we get just that much farther from our direct personal contact with affairs.

In this town you have something like a thousand voters. You can get together in this hall, you can discuss your affairs; you are not only a deliberative body but an elective body as well,—you elect your officers and deliberate about the way you shall expend the money for municipal expenses. Later you will have to meet other conditions. When the town was organized everybody knew everybody else; it was a self-sustaining community,—the local tailor, the blacksmith, the grocer supplied the needs of the community, but now you have large manufacturing establishments here not necessarily supplying local needs but the whole country and other parts of the world. The whole condition of life has materially changed. You were one hundred and eighty years old as a municipality when you had 3500 people; in other words, it took a hundred and eighty years to get together in this town that number of people; but you have doubled your population, and in the next ten or fifteen years you will double it again. You are going to get into the condition when you cannot come into this town hall and deliberate your affairs. Then you are going to have a representative government not by selection; the men who are coming here will tell you how to expend your money. You must have some form of representative government to supplement your pure democracy which has existed in this town.

I have not anything to say at this time in criticism of Boston's city government, but I want to say that in

my judgment it is a poorer government than that which exists in these localities here about you; that we get more for every dollar expended than they do in Boston simply because the average citizen does not lose his connection with expenditures and other details that make up municipal life, and when it comes for your body to maintain your individuality and your municipality as it is or go into the city of Boston I hope you will consider very seriously and gravely whether you will not be doing yourself and descendants an injustice if you join yourself with a community where the government is poorer than here simply because it makes a larger community there.

The mayor of the city of which I am a resident is here to speak for it, but I want to say just one word about your neighbors. Every man is somewhat influenced by what his neighbor thinks. If there is a man in this community who maintains his home and establishment at a high standard it is an invitation, in a sense, for others to go and do likewise. The same thing exists in municipalities, and it would be impossible for Newton, Needham, Wellesley, and Dedham surrounded by the splendid municipalities I have named—it would be impossible to be any other than first class communities in which to live. Therefore we as neighbors take an interest in you and your local municipal success, and in your sterling citizenship, and we wish you a continuation of all the good things that have come to you in the past whether you continue your present form of government or change it.

The fact is, whether you change your government is not the final consideration which will determine whether expenditures are wisely made or not, but it is the quality of the citizens to determine that, and it should be your first purpose to maintain the highest quality of citizenship. Keep your people interested in

local and governmental affairs; the man interested in the church, in the library, eleemosynary institutions, if there are such, in the various things that go to make up our life in a community like this, is almost invariably a good citizen, and I say to you try to keep every citizen interested in those things whether he belongs to your party or denomination or your city or not. Every man, whatever his occupation, should be part of the life, a part of the community where he lives.

I want to say one word more, and that is to express to you my own appreciation of Needham and of the people of Needham. It is nearly eight years since I have tried to represent you in Washington, and I want to thank you for assisting me in the performance of my public duties. I say this without regard to the political appreciation or support in this community: I say it to every man, Democrat, Republican or Socialist, because I have been allowed, so far as the citizens of Needham are concerned, to perform my duties without in any degree trying to affect my judgment of what the proper duties of a representative in Congress are. I have not been obliged to devote all my time to petty details of no importance to the general public or to the nation at large.

Naturally there are some of those things which every representative must at times give some attention to, but I have been given opportunity to devote my time to the larger affairs of government, and if I have not done so successfully it is my own fault and not yours. You have given me the opportunity to be a good representative for you and for myself as an individual trying to make credit for myself; therefore there is due you my appreciation for the manner in which you have assisted me in performing my public duties.

I hope you will go on as you have the last fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five years, and will continue a model

municipality, trying to be the best municipality there is in this good Commonwealth" (very great applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN. "As our Congressman has well said, this is not a political meeting; at the same time I feel that there are those present who will be much pleased to hear from men representing the Commonwealth, and I will introduce to you Secretary of State Langtry."

REMARKS OF HON. A. P. LANGTRY

"Mr. Toastmaster, I cannot talk about Needham; I live a hundred miles from Needham, and I know nothing about your town excepting that it is one of the most beautiful of the many beautiful suburbs of Boston, and I do not blame any of you for wanting to live here, and I should not think any of you would ever want to leave here, and that none of you would ever want to be annexed to the city of Boston which is my temporary home. I should think that you would rather enjoy your own government and your own associations. Knowing nothing about the history of your town I cannot talk to you about it, but I am going to intrude a short political subject, a little political morality, if you please.

Every one of you has met the man who tells you that politics is a dirty game, and that all politicians are grafters. There is not one of you but knows the man who tells you that, and that man never stops to think that in this glorious republic the majority rule, and if politicians are grafters it means that the majority of the people are dishonest, and everyone of you at heart knows that that is not true and that every one loves honesty and hates dishonesty.

Did you ever attend the Bowery Theatre? I

have many a time and there will be a melodrama on the churchman; we all sing the praise of the man who is stage and the gallery will be packed with the toughest men in the toughest city of the United States,—thieves, pick-pockets, black-legs and murderers perhaps. The hero comes on the stage and that gallery cheers that hero as you never heard him cheered when the tickets cost two dollars apiece, and they pay ten cents admission. The villain comes on, and he is hissed on that stage. They love right and they hate wrong, and if you had one of them on the side and asked him why he lives the life he does he would in a sullen sort of way say that the world is against him and owes him a living and he has got to get it the best he can. Every man would rather be honest, and the man that tells you your government is dishonest, that the people are dishonest, is libeling the people of this glorious Republic.

We all sing the praise of the man who is a good church man; we all sing the praise of the man who is a good husband and kind father, but I tell you, Mr. Toastmaster, there is one other virtue that should be in a man's life. A man ought to be those things and he ought also to be a good politician, and I mean that in the highest and the best sense, and a good politician means a good patriot. He ought to take an interest in his government. There is not a man in this audience if he were a stockholder in a private corporation, and he believed there was graft or inefficiency in that corporation, who would not be around on stockholder's day with certificates in his hand, who would not have his neighbors and friends who were stockholders there to turn the rascals out. And yet you hear there is inefficiency in our government, in our state government, and every one of you who pays a dollar in taxes is a stockholder in Massachusetts which is a state corporation, but that is all that the state of Massa-

chusetts is. It is a great big corporation doing a business of many millions of dollars a year; the Governor is the president, the legislators are the board of directors, and if there is graft there, if there is inefficiency there, on stockholder's day, on the first Tuesday in November, you as stockholders owe it to yourselves and to your state and to your country to be at the stockholder's meeting and turn the rascals out.

In this great state but 60 or 70 per cent of the stockholders in this Massachusetts corporation vote every year, and that includes every man who tells you that politics is a dirty game and that politicians are grafters.

We have too much politics in Massachusetts. How many realize that but two states in the Union have an election this fall, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and if the people of Rhode Island should have an amendment to the constitution two years hence Massachusetts alone will hold an election. Every state in the Union except Massachusetts will elect its state ticket either once in two years or once in four years, and give the people a little rest in between. The campaign in this state started very shortly after the first of January, and it has been going on ever since, and I presume next year it will begin over again pretty close to the first of January, and so it is from year to year. It seems to me that the people of Massachusetts are entitled to a rest every other year from politics, and it seems to me also that they are entitled to a rest from a legislative session. The present Legislature lasted nearly seven months—just think of it—nearly seven months, and there are twenty-five states in the Union that by constitutional enactment limits the legislative session in their states to from forty to ninety days, and there are only six states in this whole country that have annual sessions of the Legislature.

Now, Mr. Chairman, I am a born optimist, and I think the world is growing better all the time; I think we have better rulers today than yesterday, and I think better laws today than ever before. I think the sun will shine brighter tomorrow than it has shone today, but I do think it is your duty and my duty and every man's duty to be a patriotic citizen, to be interested in his town, in his state, in his nation, and to do his part to give this country the best government in the world." [applause]

THE CHAIRMAN. "In speaking about the government of cities, and especially of small cities, I am confident the speaker did not have in mind any reference to our neighboring city of Newton, which we all know is a well governed city, and we shall be pleased to hear his Honor, Mayor Hatfield of Newton."

REMARKS OF HON. CHARLES E. HATFIELD

"Mr. Toastmaster, ladies and gentlemen. I know it is late and you want to get away; I am sure you are not anxious to hear me speak any more than I am anxious to speak to you. I am glad however to come here and to bring the greetings to you of the city of Newton. Newton is proud of Needham; we are bound to you by many ties; we see many of your people in Newton in many of our different orders and organizations, and we have come to love those men and to be proud of them. We get water from the banks of the river in Needham. Possibly in Newton they mix it with other things, but not during this administration [laughter]. Away back in the dark ages when Congressman Weeks was mayor of Newton they may have mixed water with other things, but not at present.

But Newton is as proud of you as you are proud of yourself at this two hundredth anniversary, and I could not help thinking as I sat here that back of all these comes the opportunity of what two hundred years gives to these young men and women of Needham. It is the inheritance brought to them by their forefathers by the men who have made this possible, by the men and the women too, for the women have done their part. You remember Senator Hoar when asked to speak to the toast 'The Pilgrim Mothers' said this: 'The Pilgrim Mothers, they endured all the Pilgrim fathers endured, and also had to endure the Pilgrim fathers.'

Now, it is that inheritance, that many years of good town government brought down to these boys and girls that is going to give them an opportunity,—the opportunity which comes to an American citizen and gives him the chance to become as great and as good as any other man in the country. That is what freedom means here, it is what has been brought about by the kind of men and women who settled this town, and I assure you that Newton brings to you greetings and hopes that you may at the next celebration after another hundred years have as pleasant and even a pleasanter reunion than this.

'May you be the same good fellow, genial spirit, man and friend
Till the shadows fall and lengthen, and life's beaten track
shall end.'"

THE CHAIRMAN. "It has been said, I believe, by some one that a man's birthplace is largely accidental, and I presume we have a very little to say about it, but we have here a great many people who claim Needham as their birthplace, and who have a feeling of friendship and loyalty for our town, who take an

interest in our town, and we have some of them with us during this celebration, and I assure you it has given me quite a feeling of inspiration to see with us from day to day friends and neighbors from different towns and cities.

Tonight we have with us a man well known to a large number of our townsmen, one who has occupied responsible positions and has been identified with the growth of the neighboring city of Waltham, and who comes to us tonight with a few words of good cheer and encouragement. I have the pleasure to introduce at this time the Hon. B. B. Johnson."

REMARKS OF HON. B. B. JOHNSON

"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen: I was thinking today that I was almost the only native landsman among these invited guests seated at this table. Almost all the gentlemen who have been here tonight, and especially those who are gone, and my eloquent brother here and one or two that sit at the table, are fishermen and they won't know what the catch is until next November. Another one over here is a fisher of men, and I presume you will hear from him.

Seventy-seven years ago next November I paid my first visit to Needham. Churches were scarce; now you have an abundance of them—have enough for every one. Your school houses were poor and scattered; you have splendid edifices now. But they had some smart boys and girls in Needham in those days. When the old parson made one of his calls on the Kingsbury family the little girl of the family had a composition she had just prepared on the cow. The pastor asked her to read it and she read it to him. The last sentence of it was—"The cow is the most useful animal in the

world except religion.' The pastor understood that. A town which for two hundred years has stood faithful in education and civil and religious liberty, judged by the standards of the town of Needham, has a right to celebrate its Bicentennial. A town which has sent out its girls and boys imbued with those characteristics they have gotten here, who have made their mark in business and social life of this Commonwealth, such a town has the right to celebrate her Bicentennial Anniversary with pride. I congratulate you, Mr. Chairman, on what appears to be a most remarkable success that your committee has achieved, and I thus publicly thank you for the invitation to this occasion which I consider a great compliment. I am glad to see so many here from abroad and I am glad that Needham has been honored by some of these talented ones in song, in verse and in service. I was glad to hear that poem last night; it was a credit and an honor to the town and to the woman who wrote it.

Let me, in conclusion, say that I trust that one of the lessons that will be learned today out of this celebration will be that which has been thrust home tonight more than once—the duty of loyal good citizenship. Let every man and woman resolve that the moral standard of Needham shall never be lowered, and put your hands upon your hearts and pledge yourselves if you are wise that you will never let this town be engulfed by any other municipality, even Boston" [applause.]

THE CHAIRMAN: "We have with us tonight the representative of a family well known by reputation, and known also by a large number of our citizens, the representative of a family which has taken active part in making the history of Needham, and one which has always held a place of honor in our hearts. We remem-

ber them and we respect them, and it is with pleasure that I call upon Dr. George Whitaker."

REMARKS OF REV. GEORGE WHITAKER

"Mr. Chairman. I was about to say Fellow Citizens of Needham, for I hardly like to call myself now any other than a Needham boy.

I am reminded of a certain dignitary of the church who had occasion at one time to pass through a sparsely settled section of Missouri, and because of the scarcity of provisions found it necessary for his daily wants to make application wherever opportunity occurred. It is said that he came to the door of a pleasant appearing log cabin, with its garden attractive and beautiful about it, and he made a request for a meal. A well dressed lady of particular attractiveness gladly consented to supply his need. Everything there denoted the utmost thrift and housewifery. When the dinner was served a negro came in and took his seat at the table, and he proved to be the husband of this woman who had provided so well for her guest. Surprise was expressed that she should have married a negro, when she replied,—'My sister did not fare anything like as well as I did, for she married a Yankee.'

And I have come to consider the situation of that relationship, for the term 'Yankee' has grown to be wonderfully strong. It started well—at the foundation of the splendid characteristics the praise of which we have heard a good deal during this celebration. It was, to be sure, confined largely to England until a certain misunderstanding grew up a little more than fifty years ago, but it spread partly by emigration, and partly by a loyalty to the country's welfare, all over these New England states; and a peculiar ideal of

righteousness, that profound devotion to efforts that this country should stand as the representative of absolute freedom for church and state, and should become a name indeed, as it had been a name in verse—"The land of the free and the home of the brave," and that spirit marks genuine Yankeedom.

And so I love to think that this town, as we have heard over and over again, was settled by this kind of people. The fathers have done their share in giving us the characteristics of highest manhood of most splendid devotion, of heroic strife and glorious victory, and that has given the Yankee name immortality side by side with the best things of Greece and Rome. This term has become significant of our great American honesty, and is speaking to all generations as they come and go into the activities of life.

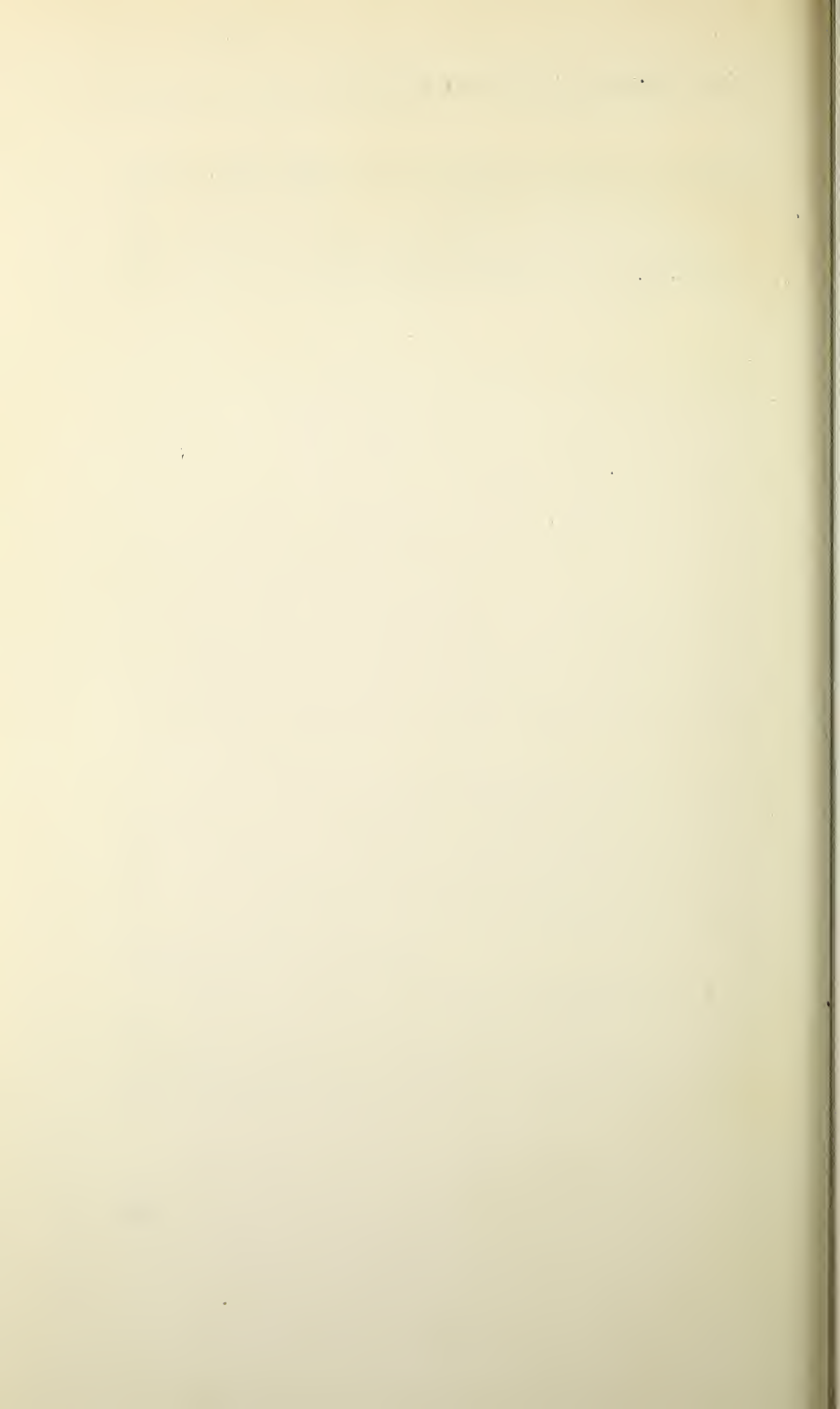
I am here for just a few moments to call your attention to the fact which must not be forgotten, that like old Greece and Rome that took into itself by a system of proselytism all the peoples who were pleased to accept its principles, so this America of ours invites the people of every land to come and take up our faith, take up our courage, take up our national prestige—seize upon all these appliances for the individual growth, for splendid development, for heroic achievement, for supplementing the ideal to which they perpetually aspire. It is this principle to which we invite the people of every land to become a part of our great nationality.

I cannot stop without calling your attention, friends, to this fact, that our Americans are fast becoming a mixture of half a dozen old bloods; and to accomplish that there has been incorporated a little German, a little Scandinavian, a little of the Latin races, some North American Indian, some African blacks and some Aztec, and putting the whole together, consecrating

and moulding the same, to bring about at the last the conglomeration of a cosmopolitan American.

Now I must say a word very briefly on one or two points. First, I thank you for the privilege of being with you again, and because you are Needham people you will be interested tonight to go with me to the home of citizen Morgan. If you will, look with me out of his north window and see one house. That was the home of the Rev. William Ritchie, then the pastor of the church that stood a little farther away. Turn your eyes out of the west window and find the home of the Rev. Daniel Kimball. Both were uncles of Edgar K. Whitaker, my father.

Then turn your eyes out of the south window and you will see one house, now taken down, and I want to say that every nail we pulled out as we tore off the clapboards and timbers and boards was made of wrought iron, just as the blacksmith fashioned every nail that went into that house. Out of the east window, and nearly opposite the Baptist Church was the next house, the residence of Joseph Colburn, who has gone to his reward. A little farther away was Asa Kingsbury's, and just beyond the little school house where my own ideas were first taught to sprout. Just beyond was the little brick school-house—and that was Needham when I was a boy, and that represented everything in sight. This very spot where you and I now are is where I once got an awful sweating digging away with the hoe, or swinging the scythe to the best of my strength. My father had the notion that the best way was to bring a boy up with work, and I have found it well to be in league with work, to be overflowing with work, to be never wearied with work, and to determine that work was man's highest character and destiny was one of the good lessons taught me in my Needham home.



1711



1911

THE TOWN OF NEEDHAM
MASSACHUSETTS

will celebrate this year, with fitting exercises, its

BICENTENNIAL

You are cordially invited to be present Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, September 17, 18 and 19, 1911

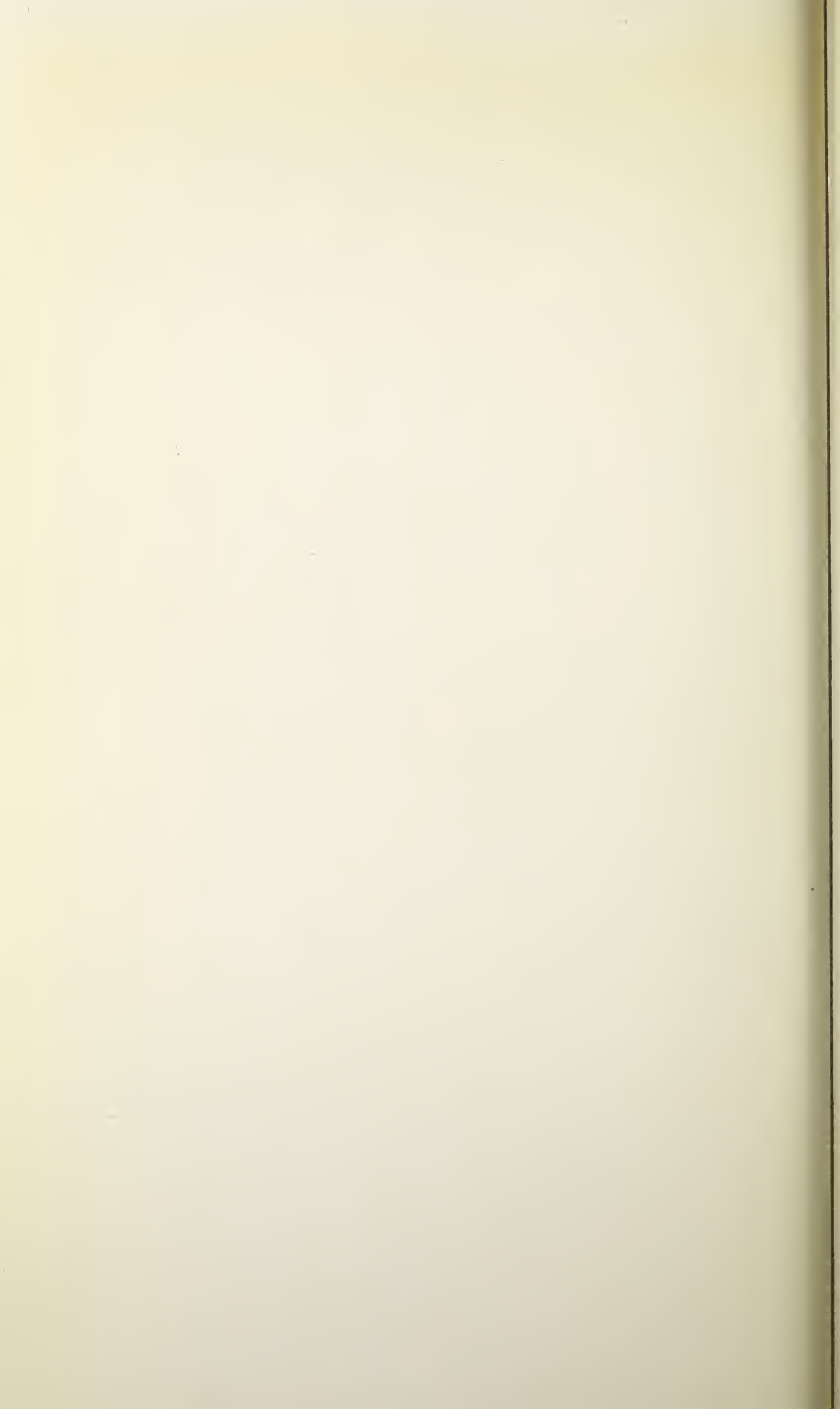
The program will include a civic and trades parade, sports and children's entertainment, historic exhibit, reception, historic addresses, banquet and ball

There will be room for everyone, and the committee hopes that you will be able to join with them in making the observance a success

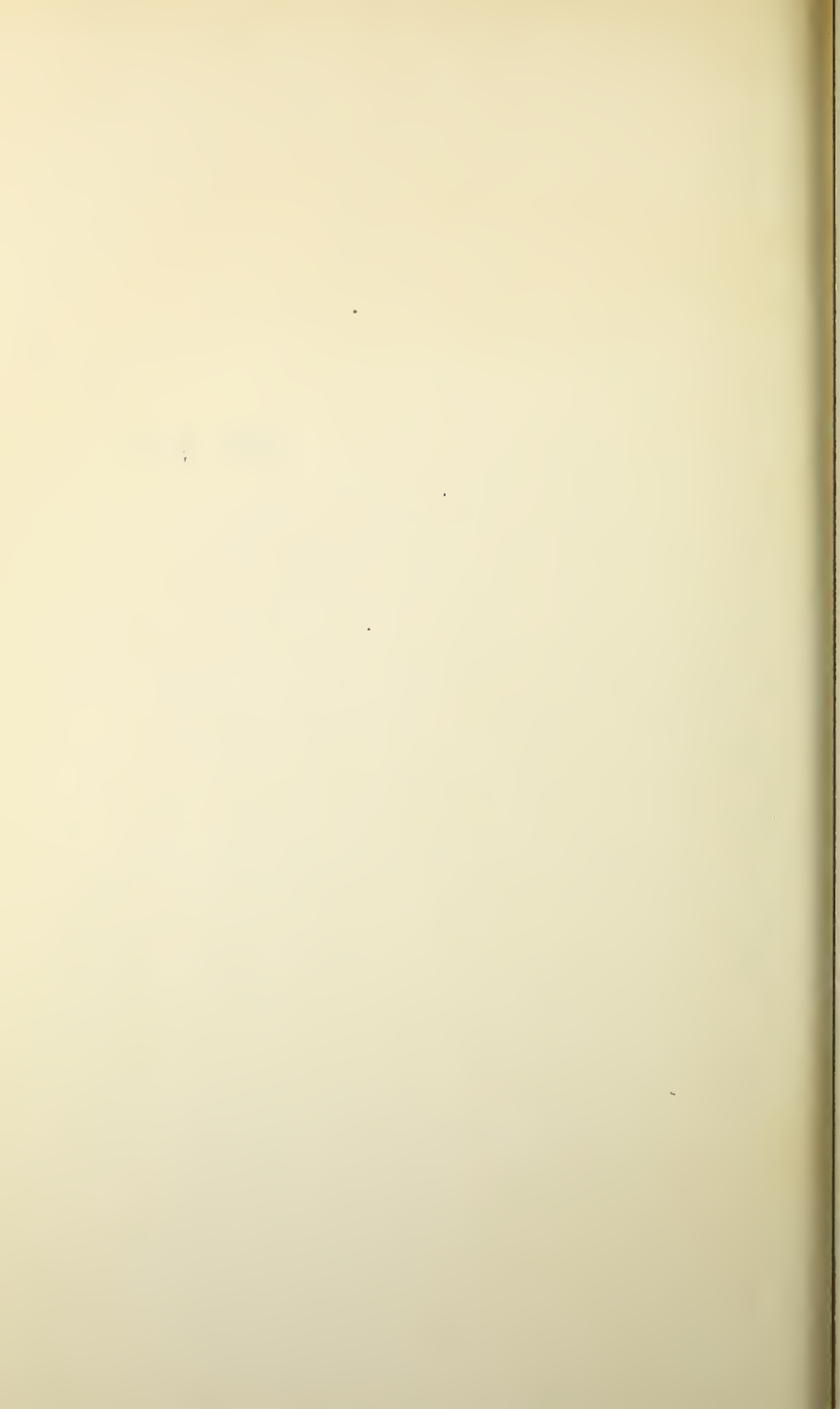
The subscription to the banquet has been placed at two dollars. In order to determine the number of covers to be laid, notice of your intention to attend will be necessary

The tickets to the ball will be one dollar each

WILLIAM G. MOSELEY, Chairman
THOMAS SUTTON, Secretary



THE BALL



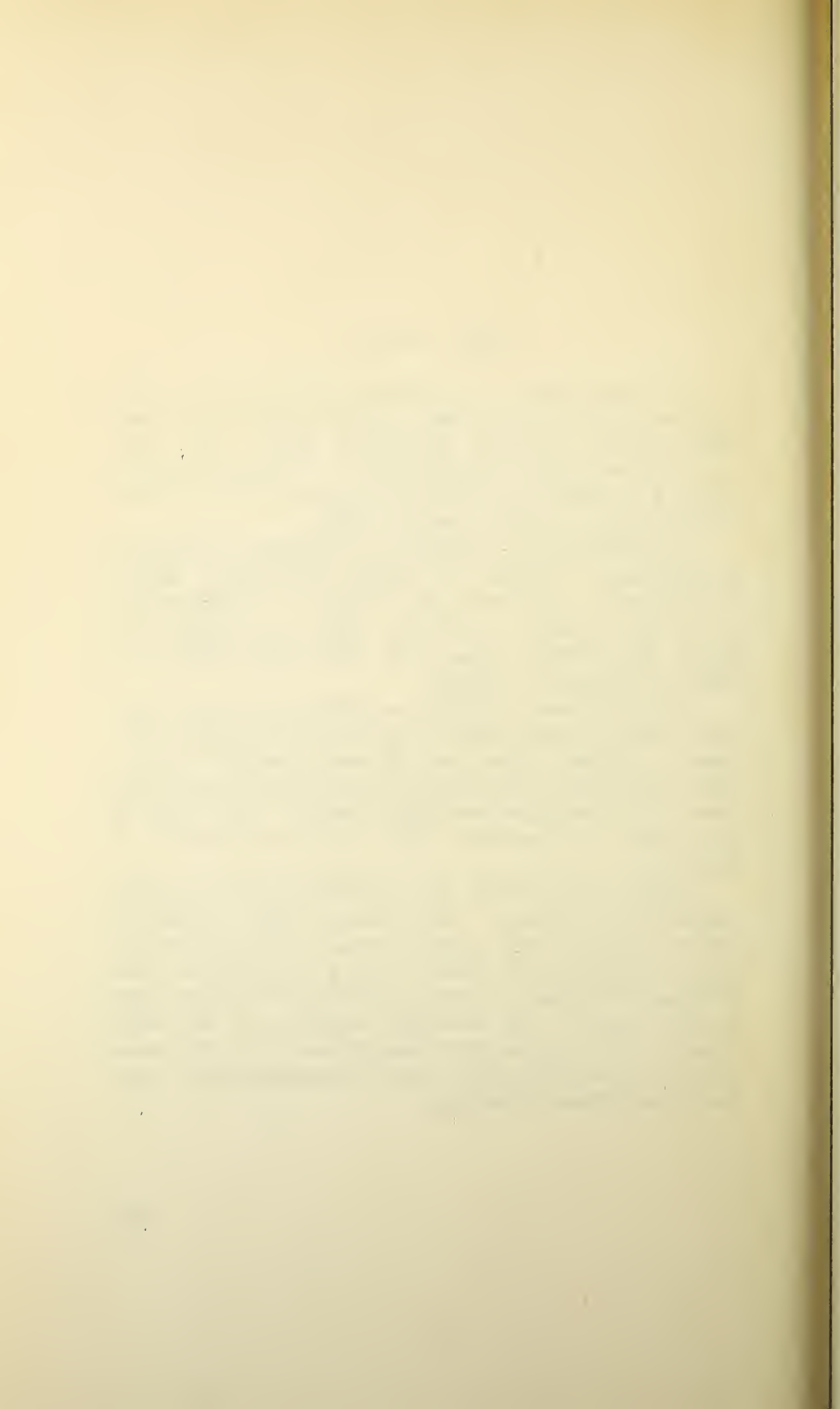
THE BALL

A fitting finale to Needham's Bi-Centennial celebration was the grand march and ball held in the Town Hall Tuesday evening, September 19th. More than one hundred couples participated. The grand march was led by Henry T. Childs, Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, and Miss Bessie Childs.

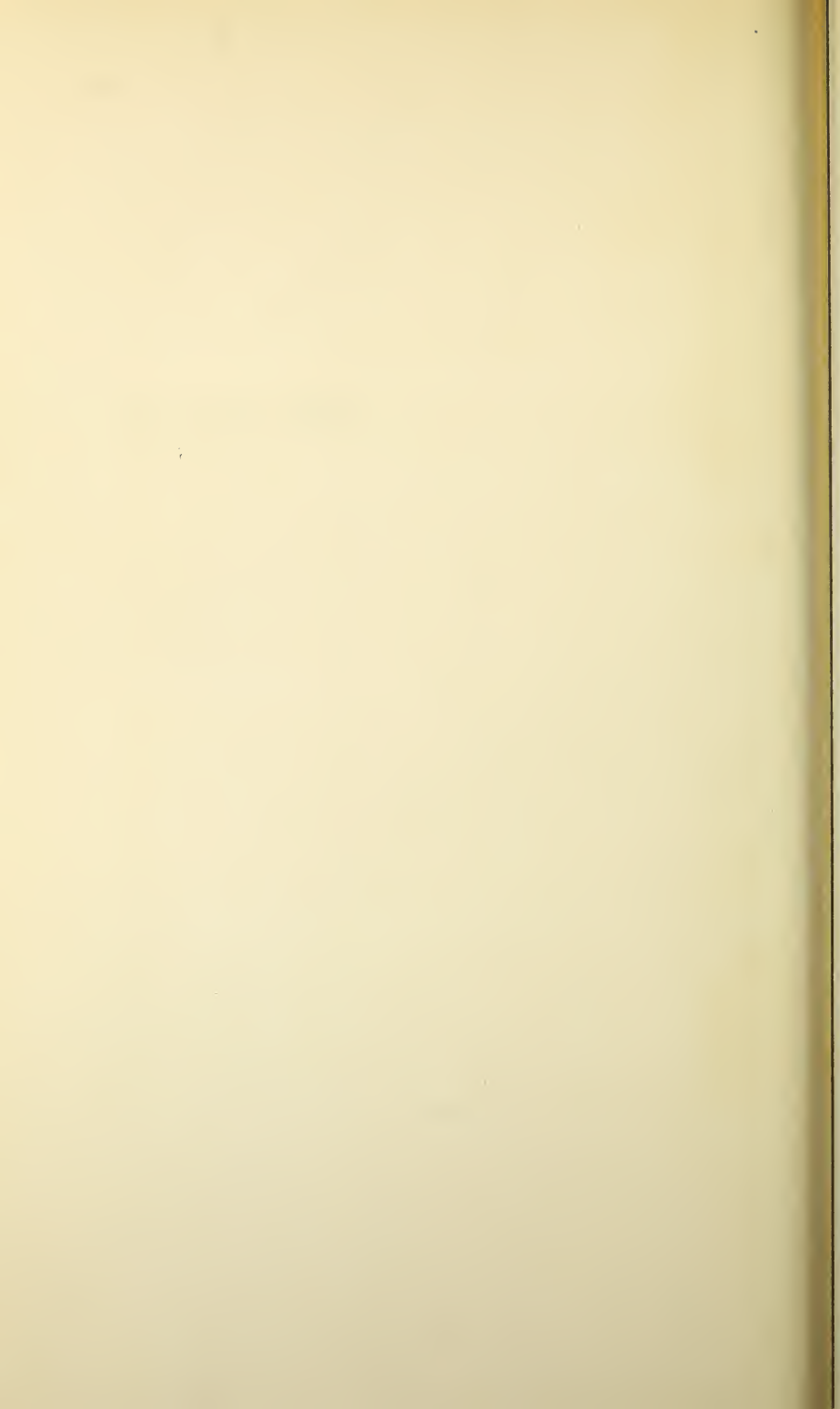
The affair was in charge of a committee comprised of Selectman William A. Probert, Chairman; Henry D. Blackman and James H. Whetton. The floor was in charge of John L. Twigg. He was assisted by James H. Whetton, Francis J. Stanwood, Wallace G. Rae and Rodney S. Adams.

The hall was prettily decorated with pale blue and white bunting draped from the truss beams overhead. Artificial vines and flowers adorned the columns and walls, and pendants of vines and roses hung from the chandeliers and light clusters. The front of the stage was decorated with vines and bouquets of flowers.

Music for dancing was supplied by the *Puritan Orchestra* of Boston. The dance order comprised twelve numbers and several extras. Dancing was enjoyed until 12 P. M. Many guests were present from Dedham, Wellesley, Newton, Natick, Dover and other nearby towns. The beautiful costumes of the ladies together with the tasteful decorations of the hall combined to make the affair easily the leading social event in the festivities of the year.



THE RESULT



THE RESULT

Throughout the entire celebration, held under unclouded skies, not an unpleasant incident marred the success of Needham's Bicentennial anniversary, — a success so marked that in it the hardest worker on the committee forgot the hours given to the many details of the first steps. The general invitations to attend at some time during the three days, sent by citizens to absent ones, brought a most gratifying number of Needham's sons and daughters, as well as interested friends ; and the surrounding towns contributed their share of transient visitors.

A remarkable feature of the celebration was the prevailing orderliness in crowds running into the thousands. No extra officers were needed, and at no time was even the regular force a necessity, save as a precautionary measure. Not an arrest was made during the whole time. That the real spirit of the celebration had been caught by all, was plainly shown by each one's effort to help make the event a joy to others.

Another noticeable feature of the occasion was the absence of all that would in any way tend to lessen the dignity of the celebration. Life and pleasure abounded, but the committee decided against the admission of "side shows" and "fakirs", and the discordant cries and attendant unruly following usual on similar occasions were absent.

It was gratifying as well as pleasant to see many of the same faces day after day, signifying that the event was not losing in its force as the program continued,—and those who were obliged to leave before the end did so with genuine regret.

What will be the permanent effect of the celebration on the civic welfare of the town cannot now be determined ; indirectly, at least, it must be beneficial ; but Needham's Bicentennial will not be forgotten by the present generation, and without doubt the record here preserved will be enjoyed by many in the future.

THE END

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